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Victory on the Pacific

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Fifty May Days — Joseph Freeman

Germany's Strategic Plan — Karl Radek

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Duranty on May Day

THE article on "May Day in Moscow" by Walter Duranty, which appears in the current issue of Soviet Russia Today, reveals the distinguished New York Times correspondent in a new light. Here he shows a capacity not only for reporting but for taking sides with unsuspected enthusiasm. From a correspondent who has watched fifteen May Days in Moscow, it is instructive to learn the Soviet May Day

is the symbol of what the Revolution stands for, I mean the victory of the proletariat, the defeat of the bosses and the landlords, the freedom of the workers and peasants to create their own state for themselves, to work for themselves in a country where no individual can profit from their toil.

Describing how the citizens of Moscow rehearse the great May Day parade in advance, he says they do so

because they are proud of the Russia they are building, the new Russia, whose motto is "all for all instead of each for each," they are proud of it and they love it, and are eager and willing to give hours of their leisure for its glory.

Duranty calls the Red Army "the only army in the world whose motto is defense." The Soviet Union, he says, "has nothing to gain from aggressive action against anyone. What it wants is to defend the revolution. That is its real task." He finds that the most significant feature of the success of the Bolsheviks is their appeal to youth, and that the surest proof of the success of the Soviet Government is "that the people are cheerful, the people in the streets, the people of Russia."

We recommend Walter Duranty's article to those who have lost confidence in liberal journalism since Edmund Wilson's hurried impressions of the U.S.S.R., the frightened visions of a Parsifal who suspects he can never find the Holy Grail.

Students' Demonstration

WHEN 500,000 American students demonstrated for peace last week, they dramatized a major desire of the American people. We



Russell T. Limbach

do not want war. We are appalled by the speed with which it is advancing upon the world.

The student strike was especially noteworthy, because it was so large and militant an expression of this sentiment. A perilous fatalism grips many sections of the people; others, who should know better, are foolishly confident that the United States can remain divorced from European conflict. More realistic than these, the students staged one of the most spectacular anti-war manifestations this country has ever seen.

The expectations of the American Student Union were more than realized. It was a strike which penetrated every area. It involved students in high

schools and colleges. It gained unprecedented support in the South, heretofore the weakest link in the peace movement. Although the form of the demonstrations ranged from illegal strikes to student-controlled peace assemblies in which administrations cooperated, their essence was the same throughout the country. Almost everywhere the war budget of the Roosevelt administration was condemned. Almost everywhere the reckless expansion of the R.O.T.C. and the recent establishment of an Air Reserve Training Corps were vigorously challenged. Almost everywhere these students revealed a consciousness of the economic impulses behind modern warfare, of

the relationship between fascist hysteria and the war danger, of the indivisibility of peace in the contemporary world.

Perhaps most significant was their acceptance of the strike technique as a method of pressure on a government which has obediently heeded the war-makers. To those who charge that the student peace movement will vanish in an hour of crisis, one can only answer that a maximum of courage, understanding and realism has been displayed thus far. This movement is no isolated fragment. It possesses a profound reservoir of determination. It can face the future with a renewed sense of power, of effectiveness and hope.

School administrations, with a few exceptions, abandoned their repressive habits of previous years. Realizing that they could not hope to stem this tide, they preferred to maintain a ludicrously dignified silence. Others, perhaps sensing the bankruptcy and paralysis of the "academic tradition," even bestowed open support upon the demonstrations. That violence decreased, that reprisals were less frequent, that high school principals were forced in many cases to grant student-controlled actions was a victory of enduring proportions. The anti-war movement is too powerful now to be swiftly banished. It is taking the offensive against Vigilantes, timid academicians and frantic educational trustees.

No appraisal of the strike can fail to emphasize the impact of unity on the student front. Two years ago, when Socialists, Communists and liberals were bitterly divided on the American campus, 25,000 students answered the strike call. Today they stand together in a Student Union; today they can rally to their side 500,000 of all faiths and creeds who want to fight for decency, peace and progress.

Fascist Fiction

THE annual forecast number of the Author and Journalist writers' trade magazine, forecasts:

Forthcoming fiction will be anti-liberal . . . Authors who can weave skilfully a bright-colored literary tapestry to hang in front of reality will find a growing demand for their wares . . . The lower middle class will hear that the crisis is over and will want to believe this dream.

The forecaster, David Raffelock, also predicts that the magazines and publishers will welcome stories of personal achievement, "for they prepare for the

coming of the Strong Man who will inevitably be necessary to preserve the status quo. This subtle adumbration of the coming of Mussolini or Hitler will be sensed as highly desirable."

One does not have to wait to see this prediction fulfilled. The American Mercury, for instance, has already developed a polished technique for preaching fascism in literary forms.

There are some strenuous times ahead for those left-wing writers who do not care to evade the issues of our times by addled flights into a new kind of art for art's sake, but would rather be revolutionary writers, truth-sayers.

Steel and Autos

HALF a million dollars to organize the steel industry into one industrial union! That is the extraordinary offer before the convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers which opens April 28 at Cannonsburg, near Pittsburgh, Pa. It was made by the Committee for Industrial Organization, headed by John L. Lewis, to Michael F. Tighe, president of the Amalgamated.

The offer, unprecedented in American trade-union history, places before the convention a huge sum of money, trained union organizers, the support of a federation of allied unions with membership among steel workers.

It is possible that Michael Tighe and others who make up the leadership of the Amalgamated may accept this offer on the surface, planfully sabotage all efforts to organize steel on a nationwide industrial basis. The delegates to the Cannonsburg convention can prevent this by carefully watching the maneuvers of the conservative leaders, by themselves fighting for decisions guaranteeing the immediate and most effective use of the backing offered by the Lewis group. If they do this, it will convert the Amalgamated from a small union of about six thousand members into a powerful organization of hundreds of thousands of steel workers.

The Amalgamated faces a great opportunity and a great responsibility. So does the convention of the United Auto Workers, meeting this week in South Bend, Indiana. Here, too, the fundamental task to be undertaken is an organization drive on an industrial basis.

If the conventions in Cannonsburg and South Bend fulfill their duties to themselves and to the American labor movement as a whole, the key industries

of steel and automobiles will immeasurably forward the campaign for industrial unionism throughout the country.

Arabs, Jews and Empire

WHEN you read about the tragic conflicts between Arabs and Jews in Palestine, think of these facts:

Palestine is a relatively small part of the Arabian world which is fighting for independence from British and French rule. Most Jews in Palestine were deliberately brought there by the design of British imperialism; they are recent immigrants, yet came there prior to Hitler's accession to power in Germany. There are in Palestine today three Arabs to every Jew.

The Arabs are primarily concerned with emancipating themselves from the intolerable burden of British imperialism. Theirs is a movement of national liberation.

The Zionist movement seeks to establish a Jewish state in Palestine. This conflicts with the desires of the majority of the population in Palestine, which is Arabian. The Arabs demand a restriction of Jewish immigration and the prohibition of the sale of land from Arabs to Jews. In the face of this opposition, the Zionist movement of necessity relies upon the support and protection of British imperialism. The British are glad to use Zionism as a shock absorber against Arab nationalist aspirations. The resentment of the Arabs against British domination becomes resentment against the instrument of Great Britain—the Zionist movement.

The recent bloodshed in Palestine is thus the direct result of British imperialist rule which uses the Zionist movement as a buffer against the nationalist aspirations of the Arabs. Zionist policy is to establish a Jewish homeland at the expense of the Arabian masses; Arab nationalist policy is to combat British imperialism and its tools. Britain's policy is to divide and conquer, to pit race against race.

Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, stated the case succinctly when he said:

Palestine holds the key to the strategical position on the great route between the East and West. The war in Abyssinia has caused most of us to reflect upon the safeguarding of that highroad. . . . From this point of view, Zionism has never been more important to Great Britain.

It is possible to establish a Jewish

homeland without encroaching upon the nationalist aspirations of other peoples. It can be done without furthering the policies of imperialism. The Soviet Union has done so in Biro Bidjan.

Adroit Gesture

THE Administration's offer of independence to Puerto Rico, embodied in the Tydings bill, is less generous than might appear. To begin with, this adroit gesture must be seen against the background of the coming Pan-American conference. The plenipotentiaries of the New Deal will come there with all the smiles and phrases of Good Neighbor policy. But it will be difficult for them to talk of an "enlightened" policy with the shadow of pauperized Puerto Rico, the only direct colony of the United States, haunting the conference halls.

The seeming offer of independence is intended to allay Latin-American suspicion. This is the diplomatic reason for the Tydings bill. There is also an important military consideration. Puerto Rico has been the scene for maneuvers of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet. It is a base for the defense of the Panama Canal. It guards a strategic passage to South America.

In time of war, United States imper-

ialism faces the possibility of a national revolt in the island. In the case of the Philippines, there were strategists in the War Department who felt that granting nominal independence would minimize the danger of national revolt; they were confident that native politicians could be found to carry out Wall Street's policies, thereby avoiding the complications of outright colonial rule. It is probable that some such consideration may have entered into the offer of nominal independence to Puerto Rico.

BUT the most significant sections of the Tydings bill are those which deal with the sugar tariff. These provide that during the four year period of "commonwealth" status which would precede independence, tariff barriers would be gradually set up against Puerto Rican sugar.

This provision reveals the hollowness of the independence offer. The policy of the United States has reduced Puerto Rico to complete dependence upon this country economically. The island has been forced into the monocultural production of sugar. The growth of native industries has been prevented and the cultivation of food staples repressed. The abrupt imposition of a sugar tariff as

proposed in the Tydings Bill would thus cut the mass of Puerto Ricans off from their present means of livelihood. What Washington seems to be saying to Puerto Rico is this: "Very well, you want independence. Take it and break your neck."

Puerto Rico needs complete and immediate independence, and not sugar tariffs designed to benefit the beet sugar interests and farm monopolists in this country. The national liberation movement in Puerto Rico will not be seriously intimidated by the tricky offer of the Tydings bill. It will continue to insist upon a genuine independence which will permit Puerto Rico to extricate itself from the straight-jacket of sugar monoculture and the degrading plantation system, and take its place as a nation free in the full sense of the word. That freedom can be hastened by the vigorous support of progressives in the United States.

Courses in Defense

THE School of Labor Defense, which is about to open in New York City, is to be congratulated for tackling a vital problem in a practical way. The increasing attacks upon civil and labor rights can be best met by conscious training in the legal and technical aspects of defense work. The school, which is now registering for its spring term at 112 East 19th Street, has arranged special courses in "Defense Tactics in the Economic Struggles," "Fundamentals of Labor Defense" and "The American Court." Special scholarship rates are offered to members of trade unions and other progressive organizations.

Sinclair Lewis on Saluting

THE reactionaries of this country will obviously stop at nothing. An example of the kind of "liberty" sought by the Liberty League involves three school children of Belchertown, Massachusetts. They are Dominic, Sophie and Anna Opielouski, whose father belongs to "Jehovah's Witnesses," a religious sect which forbids obeisance to man-made symbols. On religious grounds, the three Opielouski children refused to salute the flag. For this "crime," all three were expelled from school two months ago. Subsequently, Judge John W. Mason of Northampton, Mass., sentenced two of them to a reform school and sentenced their father to pay a fine of twenty dollars.

The case has been taken up by the

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VOL. XIX, No. 6

CONTENTS

MAY 5, 1936

Editorial Comment.....	3	Review and Comment	
The President's Philosophy.....	6	"Race"—A Tragedy of Errors	
Trenton's Hunger Lobby.....	6	Harold Ward	23
Cable from France.....	8	The Brown Spider...Josephine Herbst	23
Germany's Strategic Plan....Karl Radek	9	The Greatest Since Benedict Arnold	
Victory on the Pacific.....Amy Schechter	11	Hy Kravif	24
Mr. Roper Sees the Seamen		The Mystic Dilemma...Ruth Lechlitner	26
Marguerite Young	13	"Clubmen" Si Gerson	26
Greeting from Mexico...V. L. Toledano	14	The Screen	
The Umbrella Strikes Again		A Voice from the Past	
Edward Newhouse	15	Kenneth Fearing	27
Fifty May Days.....Joseph Freeman	16	Art	
Science and the Scientists		Against War and Fascism	
Mark Graubard	18	Russell T. Limbach	28
The Stairway that Leads Nowhere		The Radio	
Joshua Kunitz	19	Radio and Its Public.....R. Peters	29
Communist Street Speaker		Between Ourselves 30	
Isidor Schneider	21	Drawings	
Our Readers' Forum.....	22	by Russell T. Limbach, Scott Johnson,	
		Malcolm Chisholm; cover by William	
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American League Against War and Fascism and by the American Civil Liberties Union, who argue that the right of religious freedom guaranteed in the Constitution protects the members of Jehovah's Witnesses in their refusal to salute the flag.

Commenting on the persecution of the school children, Sinclair Lewis said in a copyrighted interview with the United Press:—

In the Opielouski case, what we outsiders have considered the grand old State of Massachusetts is apparently apologizing for Concord and Lexington. Does it really regret that the embattled farmers of '76 did not salute the British banner which was then the lawful emblem of their government? If the gangs behind this compulsory flag salute do not understand how they're advertising Massachusetts to the rest of the world, it is time the world told them. They are trying to turn that

flag from the symbol of liberty into the symbol of tyranny, fascism and death. I still can't believe that the American flag and the swastika are one.

Appealing to the state pride of Massachusetts Tories will not get the progressive elements of this country very far. The Sacco-Vanzetti case was a memorable lesson in that respect. We place greater hope in the mass campaign on behalf of the "baby pacifists".

Trenton's Hunger Lobby

ALMOST a week has passed since New Jersey's unemployed marched on the state capitol at Trenton and occupied the deserted legislature. Three hundred thousand men, women and children had been condemned to starvation by Democratic and Republican legislators who refused to take any action and delayed relief appropriations while they "considered".

When the federal government stopped direct relief, New Jersey, like many other states, was without adequate relief funds. The two-percent sales tax, in force for a year, had been repealed because of the state-wide protest against saddling the burden on just those groups least able to bear it—the workers, the small bourgeoisie and the unemployed themselves. The legislature rejected the \$6,000,000 luxury tax because the two political parties in control of the state were more anxious to play politics than to provide relief and had therefore "pledged" themselves to levy no new taxes until after the coming elections. Local communities, instructed to "care for" their own unemployed, had no funds for relief. And yet, with hundreds of thousands in the state without any means of support, actually face to face with starvation, the state legislature met last week and adjourned without taking action.

Each day new contingents arrived in Trenton demanding immediate provision for the unemployed. Action is led by the Workers' Alliance, in which all organized unemployed throughout the country have been unified. The presence of members of the Workers Alliance actually camping in the legislature and in Trenton, brings urgent pressure on the legislators who will meet once again this week.

New Jersey's "bread and butter lobby" dramatizes the situation in al-

most every other state. The result of the march of unemployed on the state legislature will guide the actions of similar bodies throughout the country. The present emergency drives home once more the necessity of such legislation by Congress as the Frazier-Lundeen Workers Insurance Bill which would achieve genuine social security for all categories of unemployed. The passage of the bill, like the provision of adequate relief in the states, depends on the effectiveness of unemployment, worker and allied organizations and their ability to bring pressure on Congress and state bodies to force them to face relief realistically.

Adequate relief as outlined by the Frazier-Lundeen Bill can be achieved through a Farmer-Labor Party. The

platform of the Farmer-Labor Party is based on just such issues as the need for adequate social security. The New Jersey unemployed point the way. Their direct action in bringing pressure on the legislature that would prefer them to starve quietly is an example for unemployed in all other states. It is also action that brings the necessity of a Farmer-Labor Party forcibly to the attention of all who want to fight for the fundamental rights of the masses of the American people.

This the unemployed have themselves recognized. As we go to press, our special correspondent in Trenton wires us that the Workers Alliance has passed a unanimous resolution calling for a Farmer-Labor Party.

The President's Philosophy

MR. ROOSEVELT'S reputation for lofty demagoguery is well-deserved. He gave another proof of his genius for coining phrases and ignoring facts in his New York Jefferson Day speech. Outlining what he was pleased to call his economic, social and political philosophy, he once more promised everything to everybody and raised false hopes.

The Smiling Medicine Man of the New Deal, who recently granted Big Business a "breathing spell," has now returned to flatter the Forgotten Man whose votes he will need in November. He boasted that his administration "sought simultaneously to raise the farmer's cash income and to add to the workingman's pay envelope." To prove his point, he urged a comparison of the financial pages of 1932-36.

But the President himself failed to

make a true comparison. Had he done so, he would have shown that while the farmer has higher prices, he has far less to sell. Between 1933 and 1935, a real analysis would show, some 800,000 farmers lost their farms through foreclosures; and by February, 1935 more than 700,000 farmers and their families, and 600,000 agricultural workers were on federal relief.

The President might have shown, too, that between May and December, 1935, factory production increased 23.8 percent, but payrolls increased only 11.8 percent and employment only 5.5 percent. A true comparison with 1932 would show something else, too. To this very day, unemployment continues widespread and permanent. Today, according to William Green, President of the A.F. of L., unemployment totals 13,000,000. In short the New Deal in



Scott Johnston

*Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but
that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a
man.—St. Matthew, XV:11*

1936 shows increased production with payrolls and employment lagging far behind and actual wages cut; and it would show, too, that the dollar today buys only 60 percent of the food it used to buy.

Once more a pal of the Forgotten Man, who casts the greatest number of ballots, the President slyly evaded discussing profits. But his fellow-orator at the Jefferson Day party, Governor Lehman, took care of that. The New Deal put on a show for the gallery and the boxes. The President made empty promises to the poor; the Governor reminded the rich of the actual benefits they had received. The President talked abstractedly about "building national income and distributing it widely" in some unspecified future; the Governor talked concretely about actual profits already achieved by Big Business—"thousand-fold profits," with securities already "up 134 percent." Profits of 2,010 companies, Governor Lehman said, "showed an increase of 42 percent over those of 1934, which in turn had been far better than 1933 and 1932."

Now put the figures together and the economic, social and political philosophy with which the administration enters the election campaign emerges clearly: production up 23.8 percent;

corporation profits up 42 percent. But payrolls are up only 11.8 percent and employment up only 5.5 percent, with at least 13,000,000 unemployed. The New Deal equation is this:

Wage cuts + relief reductions + speed up + unemployment = thousand-fold profits for Big Business.

The President exclaimed in his Jefferson Day address: "I propose to continue to fight for more food and better homes." But Department of Commerce figures show that under the New Deal there has been a steady decline in food consumption. In 1933 the volume of food consumption dropped 4.5 percent compared with 1932. In 1934, there was another drop of 4 percent. In 1935 there was a still further decrease of 5 percent.

Mr. Roosevelt enters the campaign with soft gestures calculated to turn away wrath; the Liberty League enters it with a big stick. In either case the economic, social and political equation remains detrimental to the mass of the people.

If any real improvement is to be made in the economic status of workers, farmers and middle-class functional groups, it can only be achieved through a party which directly represents them, a nationwide Farmer-Labor Party.

Cable from France

PARIS, April 27.

BY far the most striking result of yesterday's historic election is the splendid showing of the Communist Party, which polled nearly twice as many votes as in 1932. The gain in the metropolitan Paris area alone is so great that the Communists are now the party in the lead of that entire region.

Although only 169 offices were definitely decided and more than 400 must be tried again in next Sunday's run-off ballot, the Communists elected nine candidates, only one less than the final Communist total four years ago. Moreover, 31 Communists stand first among the parties of the People's Front; which would mean that the Communists have now nearly four times as many representatives in the Chamber of Deputies as they had in 1932. The Socialists also gained enough seats in the Chamber to recover the loss which they suffered through the Neo-Socialist party split in 1933. And the Radical Socialists will probably finish by holding their own. All

of which would belie the tory warning that the Communists would triumph at the expense of their allies.

Although a number of the reactionaries passed the preliminary ballot, many of the out-and-out fascists are badly behind, they run the risk of defeat at the hands of the combined Left. Doriot, the renegade Communist, is extremely likely to lose his seat despite the support which he now receives from the tories.

While Daladier, Frot, Cot and other radical leaders of the People's Front won seats in the first test, Herriot and other lukewarm straddlers will have to pledge themselves to the support of the People's Front program before their Socialist and Communist rivals will be willing to withdraw in the coming run-off ballot. This situation is by no means an unmixed evil, for it was predicted that many radicals under the influence of Laval would have repudiated the program of the People's Front if they had been elected. The insecurity of

numerous Radical-Socialists forces them now to reciprocate with the Socialists and Communists in those regions where the latter will need Radical-Socialist support on May 3. Thus the question as to whether the People's Front election entente will be honored is probably solved affirmatively, and the Communists have been proved right in not having demanded pledges to the People's Front program before.

Yesterday's electoral returns indicate that Marcel Cachin will have immeasurable influence on the general policy of France. They also have proved a great triumph for all parties which favor liberty and peace. It now seems certain that the People's Front will rout the fascists in the run-off election. Strictest discipline has become the duty of all freedom-loving voters. As for the Communists, they will scrupulously keep the agreements to withdraw their own candidates in favor of Radical-Socialists who can carry the largest Left vote.

The Rightist press admits the Communist growth and sees in it all kinds of calamities, revolution, disorders; it twits the Radical-Socialists with "We told you so." It is now trying to split the People's Front by repeating the old canard that the People's Front is only a Communist trap which imprisons Radical-Socialists, even Socialists, for Moscow's profit. Says *Le Temps*:

This preliminary election is a dire warning to the Radical-Socialists. Will this party of government and of order allow itself to become an auxiliary to the Third International? There is still time to reconsider. The greatest danger for France—greater than ever—is Communism. We hope that all of the republican parties will consider the plain evidence. There is still time to act, but only just enough time.

Other Rightist sheets are singing similar tunes, forgetting that the Radical-Socialists learned in February, 1934 that the danger to French liberty and peace lies elsewhere: in the fascist gangs supported by the very press that has now suddenly become solicitous of the Republic. The Radical-Socialist voters, if not all of their leaders, remember this; and it is a safe prediction that they will act accordingly. Far more serious is the fact that between the time of election and the time of assembling the Chamber there is a three-month interval. The People's Front will be faced with the necessity of taking vigorous action to forestall fascist adventures and financial maneuvers during May.

Germany's Strategic Plan

KARL RADEK

WHAT is Germany actually proposing when she offers her neighbors a 25-year non-aggression pact? As Maxim Litvinov pointed out in his speech to the League of Nations Council, Germany had renounced war forever as an instrument of national policy when in 1928, of her own free will, she signed the Kellogg Pact. But it now turns out that even in regard to the West she restricts the period of her peaceful obligations. What guarantee will Germany give to support her avowed intention to preserve peace with her Western neighbors even for twenty-five years? She agrees that Great Britain and Italy should guarantee peace in the West and should side with any power who would violate this peace. But simultaneously she does everything to drive a wedge between France and Great Britain, between France and Italy.

Up to their accession to power, German fascists were frankly gambling for an alliance with both England and Italy. Today they no longer do so openly. But Hitler's whole policy, all his maneuvers regarding England and Italy are directed toward this end. Hitler cannot be entirely certain that he will reach his goal. Therefore, he creates anti-British bases as well: arming a strategic island, constructing airdromes for naval aviation in the Rhine provinces. If he fails to reach an accord with Italy, he is already prepared to seize Austria and attempt to fortify Yugoslavia. Through these measures German fascism tries to intensify its pressure on England and Italy so that at the critical moment these nations will be incapable of fulfilling their roles as guarantors of peace in the West.

The tactics of German militarism have had a certain success. Contrary to obligations under the Versailles Treaty, Great Britain did not come out with effective measures against Germany when the latter tore up Section Five of the agreement and openly announced the creation of an army. By the Anglo-German naval agreement, Great Britain legalized the violation of the most important section of the Versailles Treaty. Under the Locarno Pact, occupation of the Rhineland is a hostile act; guarantor powers are obliged to undertake measures against the introduction of troops into the demilitarized zone no matter which nation should violate this agreement. From the first moment of Germany's recent violation of this section, which seriously changed the distribution of forces in Eastern Europe, Great Britain resisted any measures—even economic measures—against Germany. Foreign Minister Flandin of France noted this fact publicly. Great Britain undoubtedly took into account the military strength al-

ready created in Germany as well as the fact that the British fleet was tied up in the Mediterranean.

What assurance is there that in the future this fleet will not be tied up in the Far East? What assurance is there that Italy, greatly weakened financially by her war against Ethiopia, will in the future be able to fulfill obligations as a Locarno guarantor even if Italy wished to do so? For the Italo-Ethiopian war is far from over. Even if it should end in Ethiopia's capitulation, the assimilation of the conquered territory will require hundreds of millions in Italian money. Even granting that Germany wishes to preserve peace in the West for a limited period in order to facilitate an advance in the East, the guarantee of such a peace by any two powers is illusory. No two separate powers can anywhere present a real guarantee of peace. Each is subject to many dangers and only a guarantee of all powers, that is, the collective organization of peace, is a true guarantee. Germany opposes a collective guarantee in the West: nevertheless she makes peace offers to France and Belgium. Actually these offers are guaranteed only by the well-known Nazi "good faith," and the Nazi loyalty to international agreements.

WHAT does Germany offer in the East? She proposes bilateral non-aggression pacts with eastern neighbors (Latvia, Czechoslovakia and Austria), modelled after the agreements now existing between Poland and Germany. Why does Hitler offer special bilateral pacts? Because, to take one example, if Germany attacks Austria and thereby breaks one pact, Czechoslovakia, also bound to Germany by an agreement, will be deprived of the right to aid Austria. Pacts favored by Hitler do not provide that the agreements lose their force in the event of Germany's attack on a third party. Many of these bilateral pacts are scraps of paper so far as their effectiveness goes. It is actually possible for Germany to circumvent the eastern pacts without violating a single one of them.

The world is well aware of the existence of Nazi organizations in Austria which at one time attempted to seize power in order subsequently to annex Austria to Germany. What failed one time may succeed another. Czechoslovakia would then be surrounded on three sides by Germany. On the fourth, the Nazis will begin operations in Hungary, already very close to Germany; or as Stalin has pointed out, Germany might secure from a power wishing to conclude a pact of non-aggression, an agreement allowing the passage of German troops. In other words, she might receive a border "on credit." In the

East, Germany aspires to a series of independent pacts precisely in order to settle with each adversary separately, neutralizing the others with threats or bribes. Because of this, Germany is hostile to the Franco-Soviet proposal of the eastern pact of mutual assistance. Such a pact places Germany's relation to an adversary under the control of other nations and obligates these nations to assist the country attacked.

Moreover, the eastern pact of mutual assistance anticipates that in the event of an attack upon Germany by one of the signatories, all participants in the pact must come to Germany's assistance. The conditions of the eastern pact evoked only mockery from Germany. Wailing that every other nation threatened her, Germany refused to avail herself of the assistance accorded by the pact. She knew that no nation was preparing to attack her and that she will have no occasion to utilize assistance of other countries. The pact would only cramp her "peaceful" negotiations! These are the reasons why Germany consents on paper to guarantors in the West, hoping to make them allies. In the East, however, she discards any thought of guarantors so as to avoid the intervention of so serious and steady a power for peace as the Soviet Union or France, both deeply concerned in preserving the status quo in the East and Southeast of Europe. Most characteristic is the lack of any reference to the Soviet Union in the German proposals of March 7 and April 2. Over a period of years Germany has been shouting that she is menaced by the U.S.S.R. But when it comes to concluding agreements which would stabilize peaceful relations between powers, Germany refuses to deal with the U.S.S.R. The Soviet Union is not included even in Germany's paper proposals of peace, proving that Germany not only does not take stock in her own wails of danger from the Soviet Union, but also does not want to tie her hands with reference to a drive against the Soviet Union across a neighboring state.

GERMANY'S proposals to her eastern and southeastern neighbors represent an even more insignificant scrap of paper than her proposals to France and Belgium. The question has another exceedingly important side: the relation of the western pact to the eastern pacts. The old Locarno agreement which established a demilitarized zone as an actual guarantee of peace in the West was concluded at the same time as the Franco-Polish and Franco-Czechoslovakian agreements. In the event of Germany's attack on Czechoslovakia or on Poland, France could come to either nation's assistance. The occupation of the Rhineland in that circum-

stance would not have been considered an act of French aggression. If Germany retaliated, she would thereby become the disturber of peace and have no right to claim assistance from Great Britain and Italy or the remaining signatories to the Locarno Pact. Germany's argument stating that the Franco-Soviet pact is incompatible with the Locarno treaty demonstrates that Germany desires to break free of such a burden.

Germany has been defending the thesis that the pact between France and the Soviet Union which obliges these countries to render aid to one another in the event of German attack, is contradictory to the Locarno agreement. Germany argues that according to this agreement, France and Germany must maintain peace, and it is none of France's business what transpires in eastern Europe. Such an argument is applicable to other agreements reached by France with the countries of eastern and southeastern Europe. We see in the reply of April 2 that Germany broadens this thesis to condemn the existence of French agreements with other countries:

It is not to be doubted that the tendency to cover Europe with military alliances is in general contrary to the spirit and meaning of the creation of an actual fellowship of peoples. The threat increases that from this general interconnection of military alliances there will spring a state of affairs similar to that which caused the World War.

Everybody knows that a fundamental difference exists between the military agreements preceding the Great War and the contemporary mutual-assistance pacts such as those signed by the Soviet Union. Agreements of mutual assistance do not provide for the redivision of other countries' territories but are designed to preserve the status quo. They are purely defensive in character and in accord with the covenant of the League of Nations, forming a part of the collective system of security, a prop until more effective guarantees of international security can be created. In the speech of May 21, 1935, Hitler more openly expressed his enmity not only toward what he calls military alliances but the collective security in general.

He declared that the problem is not collective security but to localize war, that is, the non-intervention by other powers in any war Germany might start. Hitler seeks a condition in which other countries will be unable to rush to the aid of peoples in eastern Europe attacked by Germany. Hitler is particularly anxious to bring about such a condition by force.

We do not know in what way Hitler will strive to separate France from eastern Europe. Up to the present time he has avoided any precise draft of a western pact. We do not know, therefore, whether he plans to incorporate into such a pact a proposal that France would be violating the pact if she fulfilled obligations towards eastern and southeastern European countries. Perhaps Hitler

seeks a similar objective by assuring Great Britain's obligation to assist Germany. In the event of France fulfilling her obligations as an ally of southeastern or eastern European countries, she thereby enters into conflict with Germany. Perhaps Hitler will be satisfied with a declaration by the British government that if France, in carrying out her contractual obligations in eastern Europe, clashes with Germany, then England will be required to render France assistance. Lastly, Hitler would reach the same objective if through threats or bribery he succeeds in persuading the states bound to France that it is useless for them to depend on French assistance and therefore better for them to reach an accord with Germany.

In any event Hitler's diplomatic strategy confronts France with an alternative: either France renounces her allies or she cannot count on Germany preserving peace. The gist of Hitler's proposal is an offer of security to French territory in return for France's renunciation of her present role—the role of a great power capable of seeking aid against an aggressor and of rendering such aid. Those British statesmen who predict that France's relations in the East and Southeast of Europe threaten to draw France into a war in which it cannot count on British aid, play into Hitler's hands and are intermediaries for his blackmailing.

It is laughable to analyze the garnishings under which Hitler serves his dish of proposals. But it is not funny when he agrees, as if he were making a concession, not to transport troops to the outer border of France. The left bank of the Rhine is 90 kilometers wide, that is, motorized detachments can cover it in three hours and planes in fifteen minutes. This indicates the meaning of the German proposal that an international commission be created to receive complaints of illegal activities on the French, Belgian and German borders. As if it were a matter of complaints! Hitler refuses to accept obligations forbidding the fortification of the demilitarized zone even though in this respect modern technical conditions would allow him a wide scope in getting around any difficult treaty provisions. Some German military authorities are against German fortifications similar to "the line of Maginot."

But Germany reserves the right to erect whatever fortifications she needs, nor does it cost her anything to assume obligations not to increase the number of troops in the Rhineland during the negotiations. Germany did not volunteer any official figures concerning the number of men brought into the Rhineland on March 7. Certainly no one knows the number of storm troopers or soldiers from the so-called labor camps (of whom there are at least 200,000 receiving military drill and subject to military discipline). Similarly, it is useless analyzing Germany's proposals regarding the size of tanks or the caliber of heavy artillery which Germany suggests as outside limits. These offers

have but one aim: to create among democratic-pacifist elements throughout the world the conviction that Germany, rearmed and no longer bound by the Versailles Treaty, is now willing to underwrite peace and reduce armaments. These German maneuvers deceive only those who want to be deceived. French newspapers are not far from wrong when they declare that while Germany prepares for war and at the same time experiences great financial difficulties, she would not mind if the other powers more powerful financially would renounce expensive means of armament so hard at present for Germany to create in sufficient quantities.

GERMANY'S proposals betray German strategy. This strategy is designed to separate the East from the West in order to smash each in turn. It creates a distinction between East and West, permitting peace guarantors in the West—even though illusory, in our opinion—while not permitting them in the East. It attempts to cast a doubt on France's right to make pacts with the countries to the East and Southeast of Europe. Germany wants to dismember Europe, to settle with any of its parts in an order most suitable to German interests and strategy. She covers this strategic objective with crude pacifist phrases calculated to mislead the peace-loving masses of France and England; and to play into the hands of those circles of English isolationists which, while fully understanding what the German strategy means, pretend to believe in Hitler's sincerity.

Those who sincerely seek to strengthen peace, must understand Hitler's game. Actually, by the remilitarization of the Rhineland, Germany has improved her strategic position in the event of war. To weaken this relation in the world distribution of forces, a change is required. The hitherto insufficiently organized and insufficiently operating forces for peace must be organized under the League of Nations on the basis of strengthening obligations to this international body. They must work out a plan of defense against any aggression and create a collective guarantee of peace. In such a system a place must be accorded Germany on the basis of full equality. But if Germany, strengthened by her armament and by the occupation of the Rhineland, is not desirous of occupying this place and receiving security in return for security, then this system in defense of peace must be created despite Germany.

The League of Nations and all member countries must understand that this is a question of the life of the League, the preservation of peace. All who follow the line of a separate peace for the West and a separate peace for the East, play into the hands of Germany and favor the launching of the forces of war. These forces are altogether too great to make it possible to localize such a war. It will envelop in its flames the entire world. It will destroy a considerable number of the capitalist powers.

Victory on the Pacific

AMY SCHECHTER

SAN FRANCISCO.

"THE group I represent just concluded a war last night—and we won," Harry Bridges said. He was speaking in the name of the four thousand members of the San Francisco longshoremen's local to an audience gathered in Dreamland Auditorium to hear a symposium on war. The audience had warmly applauded the main speaker, General Smedley Butler. But when Bridges, scheduled to speak on "War Cargoes," came in straight from the longshoremen's victory, they jumped to their feet and shouted.

"One of the main reasons for the war against us is that there is a war in the making," Bridges went on. "And when there is a war in the making, such things as strong unions which don't believe in war are not wanted by those who make wars."

The longshore lockout had been lifted the night before. That morning the docks had come to life after a week of silence along the Embarcadero. The men were back just "as they came off the job and no other way," as Bridges had stipulated in behalf of the local at the start of the lockout. The same hiring hall, same award, same agreements and despite repeated ultimatums by the Waterfront Employers Association, the howls of the Hearst press and maneuverings of Ryan and his Pacific Coast District officials, the same militant rank-and-file leadership.

The day the Waterfront Employers Association announced that they had broken off relations with I.L.A. 38-79, locked out its members and discontinued hiring through its

hiring halls, they had declared that they would never again deal with Bridges or the rest of the "subversive" leadership of the local, and the negotiations would be carried on only through the district (Ryan) officials. A week later the same employers sat at a conference table with Bridges for hours dickering about the acceptance of the resolution presented by Bridges and passed by a membership meeting of the local. The local insisted this resolution must be incorporated in the agreement to guarantee that the original award and agreements would continue intact until their expiration next September and that the autonomy of the local would be preserved. Finally they signed on the dotted line, above the signature of Bridges.

There is no doubt that the shipowners overreached themselves this time. Authentic reports show that they are bitterly aware and resentful of this fact, which means that the next time they are ready to violate the award and to break the pact they have just signed, a more carefully calculated as well as more violent attack can be expected.

They proceeded according to plan, all right. They followed with almost ludicrous faithfulness the steps in the drive on the longshore local outlined last January in the exposé broadcast by the San Francisco Bay Area District Council of the Maritime Federation, published in THE NEW MASSES of February 4, 1936. There was the preliminary barrage of propaganda against the rank and file and its officials in the general press and in the vigilante organ, The American Citizen, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce.

There was propaganda in the form of letters sent by the Chamber of Commerce and Industrial Association to business and professional men throughout the city. The District I.L.A. officials did their bit by carrying slanderous articles against Bridges and the San Francisco local for several successive issues in the official organ of the district, The Pacific Coast Longshoreman. Then followed the announcement breaking off relations with the local, abrogating the Award and declaring all agreements void and finally, the diversion of Frisco-bound ships to other ports.

The fatal mistake the shipowners made was, of course, that they took their own publicity seriously and believed the reports of their own paid stool-pigeons. They also erred in believing the reports of Ryan and his district machine, in whom wish was father to the thought. From both sources they received information that Bridges was "slipping." The vigilante American Citizen fondly reiterated this idea and reproduced an article from the I.L.A. District organ practically in full on its front page as proof. The shipowners also received the information that the unity of the West Coast maritime unions was breaking up and therefore the time to realize their objectives of isolating and destroying the powerful San Francisco rank-and-file controlled unions, prior to a general attack all along the Coast, could now be realized.

Both shipowners and the Ryan machine were eager to force the issue without further delay, because of the emergence of a fighting rank-and-file movement in the East Coast seamen's unions, the formation of a Maritime Federation on the Pacific Coast plan on the Gulf, the genuine perspective of a national maritime federation of all waterfront crafts. Of primary importance was the fact that two major maritime conventions, the convention of the Pacific Coast I.L.A. District and that of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific, are scheduled for May 5 and 15 at San Pedro respectively. Both employers and I.S.U. and I.L.A. reactionaries hoped that rank-and-file leaders would be eliminated or totally discredited by the time these conventions met.

Bridges is in line for the District I.L.A. presidency, for which elections will be held at the May 5 convention. The question of Bridges' candidacy is not one of Bridges as an individual, but involves the whole issue of rank-and-file control of the Pacific Coast District versus continued control by the Ryan machine. Similar issues will be fought out at the convention of the Maritime Federation, whose present head, William Fisher, has in recent months been increasingly open



Malcolm Chisholm.

in his opposition to rank-and-file policies.

The disillusionment of the employers was immediate and overwhelming. The membership of I.L.A. 38-79 stood solid behind their local and their elected leadership from the first moment of the lockout. In a grave and militant closed session at Dreamland Auditorium, a full attendance of more than four thousand members elected a lockout committee, composed of the local's officials and Executive Committee of thirty-five plus the more than two hundred men making up the Dock and Gang Stewards Council.

The first day of the lockout messages and resolutions of solidarity began pouring in from ports all along the Coast. I.L.A. locals, controlled by Ryan officials, such as San Pedro and San Diego, defied their officials, fought them on the floor of hastily-convened special membership meetings and put through motions for full support of their San Francisco brothers. Other maritime-crafts and land unions followed suit. The Seattle Central Labor Council, an important body in the Northeast, went on record denouncing the "disruptive and subversive tactics of the shipowners who are attempting to declare a coastwise lockout of the maritime unions and thus lay the basis for national anti-labor legislation."

The San Francisco Labor Council, in a tense, packed session which observers said was reminiscent of those held during the General Strike, voted unanimously to support the longshoremen, following Bridges' presentation of their case, forcing the astute reactionary Edward D. Vandeleur, head of the Council and newly-elected to succeed Scharrenberg as secretary of the State Federation of Labor, to go along. Vandeleur tried to offset the action of the Central Labor Council by later appointing a committee of seven—six of them picked super-reactionaries—to take a hand in the negotiation with the Waterfront Employers Association, but the strength of the support rolling up behind the longshore local prevented the committee from harming the longshoremen.

Bridges flew to a Portland meeting where I.L.A. officials and Fisher, Maritime Federation head, subjected him to drastic attack—and the audience of Federation members gave him and the Frisco local a vote of confidence, unanimously. That was on Sunday (the lockout had been declared the previous Tuesday). The next day the Joint Council of Teamsters of the San Francisco Bay area took action which came as a climax in the mounting movement of support for the longshoremen and may very well have been a decisive factor in determining the shipowners' retreat.

Like the longshoremen, the teamsters occupy a strategic position at the gates of San Francisco commerce, and with a membership of over 3,000 run them a close second in membership and strength. Despite the militant tendencies of the teamsters, old Mike Casey, vigorous and a power to be reckoned with despite his years, still holds



Malcolm Chisholm

a firm grip on his local and others in the area. When despite their conservative leadership, the teamsters go along with the waterfront, San Francisco employers pause.

Another Dreamland meeting is still vivid in the memory of San Francisco, when the teamsters met there in 1934 while hundreds of longshoremen and seamen were massed in the street outside. The Strategy Committee with the same Vandeleur at the head came in and they and Mike Casey sweated trying to convince the meeting against joining the men from the waterfront. Word went up that Bridges was in the crowd outside the hall. The teamsters shouted to bring him in. They carried him in on their shoulders. He laid the strikers' case before the meeting in his usual direct and simple way. The teamsters voted to walk out and the General Strike began.

The fact that after hearing Bridges on Monday night, the Teamsters Council voted complete support to the longshoremen and their leadership, had special significance because in so doing they went counter to the I.L.A. District officials, W. T. Lewis, president, and "Paddy" Morris, secretary-treasurer, who had signed the tentative settlement proposals of the shipowners which would have shorn the local of autonomy and taken all power from its elected officials, without the guarantees which the membership successfully insisted on adding.

The Teamsters' resolution is a key document in the episode just ended. In it the Teamsters state that inasmuch as the Waterfront Employers' Association suspended work on the waterfront with a "professed purpose of changing the award and agreement and a representation of the I.L.A. for purposes of collective bargaining"; inasmuch as the longshoremen refused to allow its members to be employed except through the hiring hall established by the Award of the National Longshoremen's Board; inasmuch as the employers have designated and expressed confidence in and support of their duly authorized officials who have been designated to

represent them; and inasmuch as the longshoremen are prepared to resume work just as soon as the employers hire through the hiring hall and cease efforts to interfere with the administration of the union: "Resolved that this organization endorse the stand taken by the membership and officials of I.L.A. 38-79 and express their full confidence in same."

In the drive to oust the rank-and-file leadership of the longshoremen's local, fire was directed chiefly against Bridges as an individual. The employers are aware that it is easier to lie about and frame an individual and whip up public sentiment against him, than to indict a whole system of rank-and-file policy and control. Actually, the leadership of the longshoremen is exceptionally broad, with the actively functioning elected executive committee of thirty-five and over 200 dock-and-gang stewards elected by the gangs they work in, who bring the union down on to the docks and lead the day-to-day struggle on the job. This is the basic instrument by which the longshoremen here have won and held the best wages and working conditions of any part in the country. The dock-and-gang stewards are a militant bunch. Many started as picket captains during the 1934 strike. They form the backbone of rank-and-file union and job control and meet each week in the Dock and Gang Stewards Council to help hammer out the policy of the union.

Notwithstanding the shipowners myth of one-man control of I.L.A. 38-79, Harry Bridges, despite or rather because of his real genius for leadership, functions as an organic part of the whole apparatus of rank-and-file control. The Hearstian picture of Bridges as a mysterious and sinister outsider and master mind is in line with the propaganda that the militancy of the West Coast maritime workers is a Bolshevik plot, with Bridges injected from the outside to put it across. This picture is of course sheer bunk.

Actually the shipowners fear and hate Bridges because he is a longshoreman among longshoremen, he has worked here on the docks alongside the men he now represents for twelve of his thirty-five years, from the time he was twenty-two on up to the day of the 1934 strike. He is completely rooted among the men who chose him to lead them.

If any additional proof were needed that the maritime workers of the West Coast did a good job the past week and forced the shipowners and reactionaries to beat a retreat, it is furnished by the press statement of I.S.U. officials in yesterday's newspapers to the effect that the I.S.U. is contemplating a re-hearing on the question of the revocation of the Sailors Union of the Pacific charter in Chicago within the next thirty days. A week ago, the papers were full of prophecies, apparently emanating from Ryan, that the charter of the San Francisco longshoremen's local was due to be jerked in a couple of days. The longshoremen still have their charter and it looks as though the sailors may soon be getting theirs back again.

Mr. Roper Sees the Seamen

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THOSE of us who sat around the glass-topped table while Secretary of Commerce Daniel Calhoun Roper took his safety-at-sea lesson might have felt sorry for him. He looked so helpless, his half-closed fist hanging limp from his out-thrust wrist and one thumb sticking out as if seeking something to hang on to, his Phi Beta Kappa key rising and falling fast upon his belly. We might have felt sorry for him, if we hadn't known him for years as "Honest Dan," a name coined by the sarcastic press. If we hadn't heard that his present dilemma resulted from his falling in with a Hearst trick of planting the story that mutinous characters were imperiling life at sea by sabotage and by stirring up strife.

Joseph Curran, chairman of the International Seamen's Union Members' Strike Committee, the Irish leader of 3,500 striking Atlantic Coast sailors, threw the first question at Roper: "On what grounds do you base your charges of mutiny?"

Roper: We do not undertake to fix grounds here.

Curran: We understand that there was no ground for mutiny; that it was our strike.

Roper: That will come out in the investigation.

Curran: Exactly what do you know about conditions on ships in regard to safety at sea?

Roper: I will ask Mr. Weaver to answer that question.

Joseph B. Weaver, head of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, around 1900 the general manager of the Newport News Drydock and Shipbuilding Company, moved forward. It was he, so the Washington story goes, who received the hot "tip" from Hearst's New York American on the "mutiny" story. He induced an unsuspecting newspaper correspondent to print it while Hearst's own *Universal Service* man wouldn't touch it for lack of confirmation. Weaver passed a hard look around. He took in two young men wearing medals on red, white and blue ribbons; they put out in the S.S. Washington's lifeboats and rescued five out of six cameramen and aviators who crashed while trying to snatch news films from the ocean to beat competitors into New York. At that time Senator Joseph Robinson, a passenger, had shaken the sailors' hands, and the president of the line had told them they had a lifetime job. Now they are black-listed along with sixty-odd S.S. California strikers. There was a row of medals on the breast of Montague Jack Prigente. One was given to him by the President of France, another by George V of England, for bravery in sea tragedies, and he holds the Con-

gressional medal of honor for heroism in the Somme.

Facing Weaver stood the men in dun-garees, men ready to speak out of their own experience. Weaver spoke between cigarette puffs:

We have had our inspectors go into all living quarters of vessels, endeavoring to see that they are clean, and we would do much more in that respect if we had more inspectors.

Why, then, didn't Mr. Weaver ask for enough inspectors when he sent his recommendations to the Capitol—the Capitol whence, every year of the New Deal, some \$30,000,000 has been passed out to ship-owners in the form of ocean mail subsidies—over half as much as was allotted for so-called social security?

Joseph Curran took up the dialogue:

I was on the California a year and three months. In that time not one inspector ever inspected the forecabin or living quarters . . . complaints were put in at various times. . . .

Weaver: No complaint has come to my bureau.

Roper: We want that looked into. Make a note of it.

Curran: In 1933 one inspector came aboard the California. He condemned the entire boatdeck. . . . But due to the power of the International Mercantile Marine that inspector disappeared from that district and nothing was done to the boatdeck.

Roper: Please let us have that in the form of a memorandum.

"These incidents of safety at sea—that is what the Secretary of Commerce is interested in," suggested Representative Vito Marcantonio, the scrappy Harlem Congressman who took the sailors' struggle to the floor of Congress and arranged this meeting with Roper. The Secretary consented, thinking it would be a quiet tête-à-tête. Roper smiled feebly, now, as James Dallagan took up the tale, discussing his ship, the S.S. Manhattan, the "pride of the American Merchant Marine":

Dallagan: We know that ship's forecabin as "consumptives' row" because it operates a laundry just outside the sailors' forecabin while the ship was at sea, which kept the atmosphere damp. It was shut down in port, when the inspectors came aboard.

Roper: Has that been called to the inspectors' attention?

Dallagan: I couldn't say. I know that on the last trip the officers of the signing crew were handing out lifeboat certificates like handbills.

Roper: Give me a memorandum on that.

Brushing back a lock of yellow hair, Jack Thornstrom spoke up out of his seagoing experience—sixteen years of it, though he is but thirty-one:

I was on a Munson Line steamship. They were having a lifeboat drill. All the sailors were put into the boat to make a good impression. One end dropped and we all went into the water.

Thirteen of us went to the hospital. Two were unconscious, one had a broken wrist, one a broken eardrum. I was almost drowned.

Roper: That interests me. Give me a memorandum on it.

United States Senator Harry Moore of New Jersey, chairman of the national conference on sea, land and air safety, called by Roper last winter, now spoke up: "Why were the Morro Castle sailors saved, and not the passengers?" He got the answer at once:

Curran: Due to the irresponsibility of the crew and the Department of Commerce that issued the certificates to those men. I can prove that able-bodied seamen's tickets have been issued in New York City to a man paying a dollar bill to a notary public.

Roper: Can you give actual cases?

Curran: I'll give them to you in a memorandum. . . . In the port of New York, 3,500 able-bodied seamen of ten to fifteen years' experience are registered on the picket line. I would like to know how, with the average amount of seamen in New York around 4,000 to 5,000, the men now at sea got their tickets. . . . The ships are being manned by WPA men, and by men from the Great Lakes, with no deep-sea experience. . . . I have proof and can get names.

Roper: We certainly want them.

Why does Mr. Roper drum the glass table top so furiously? Did he not recently say, "A great deal of public attention has been focused lately on safety at sea, for which I am very glad?" Did he not pose this question anew, accusing these sailors of mutiny for striking on a ship tied to the docks? Wasn't it his own National Committee on Safety at Sea who found that "the basis of any safety at sea program must be safe crews?" Is it an overdose of gladness for the focusing of public attention on the sailors' side of the question that gives Mr.



Malcolm Chisholm.

Roper that green-about-the-gills look? But more is coming: here's the Congressional Medal man.

Jack Prigente: What I want to get into your head is this: the situation is positively rotten in our American merchant marine. The proof of the pudding is in the eats and the eats is rotten. We have the largest turnover of any maritime nation in the world. We are hired and fired like straws in the winds. I myself plugged up a ship at sea. They put me over the side with a lifeline around my middle and a wooden plug in my hand. They told me to stop up a hole that was losing over 2,000 gallons of oil a day. But these little pros and cons mean nothing. You've got to look deeper. Look at our living conditions—you don't have to go any further than the Public Health Service to prove to yourself that no workers in the world suffer so much as sailors from ulcerated stomach. . . . You ought to throw open an investigation.

This time Mr. Roper does not even say,

"Take a memorandum." Is the hail too thick? Here's Quartermaster Dennison from the Santa Inez, whose sailors in the lifeboat "didn't speak English well enough to understand orders, but they had lifeboat certificates." And James Walker, who was cleaning the Pennsylvania's lifeboats when his fist went through a hole. And Francis Goodall, fresh from the "glory holes" where 75 to 80 men sleep under a sign specifying only 60. His chief officer "made us stewards handle cargo."

Roper: I didn't know it was the work of stewards to handle cargo.

Goodall: It is against the law of the merchant marine of every country!

All the while Joe Curran keeps up an obligato of ships' names—ships that went to sea with phoney-ticketed sailors—until finally Weaver admits, "We all know lifeboat certi-

ficates and able seamen's certificates have been sold and counterfeited."

Mr. Roper was silent in the face of the testimony about the gross negligence of the shipowners and the Department of Commerce. But his Assistant Secretary, Col. J. M. Johnson, told what happened in the department's secret conference on April 8 with shipowners, President Joseph P. Ryan of the International Longshoremen's Association, and several International Seamen's Union kingpins present.

Johnson: They came to see me. Nothing happened—they wanted to arrest Mr. Curran. (Turning to Curran) They said you were a mutineer.

Curran: Do you think so? Do you want to arrest me?

Johnson (smiling): I advised them not to attempt any such thing.

Curran: That answers that.

Greeting from Mexico

VINCENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO

WORKERS who live in economically backward countries, such as mine, envy in all good faith the portentous development of technique and industry in the United States, the vital, tenacious character of your people and its traditional capacity for organization and discipline; but we cannot help but be surprised at the naivete with which so many of you still regard the process of history and the daily problems of the class struggle. Until yesterday the United States was enjoying the benefits of the upward movement of a social system; but today the decline has already begun and with it has come the inevitable collapse of the whole organism, of the whole social structure. Nobody can save it from ceding to a new regime founded on principles contrary to those which are its support today.

When you realize that this is so and that the only possible salvation lies in the unification of the workers of the entire world, you will no longer live like isolated citizens of a country which imagines it is sufficient unto itself.

You will extend your fraternal hand to grasp ours, which has long been awaiting this moment.

You can render incomparable service to the cause of proletarian emancipation. You can contribute to the unification of international working-class groupings proposing or supporting a minimum program of world action against the dangers which today are closing in upon all peoples: fascist tyranny and war. And you can aid the semi-colonial countries of Latin America by making known to all of your people the actual conditions in Mexico—a moral, geographical vanguard of the Latin-American semi-colonial countries.

Mexico has lived in constant agitation because Mexico has lived in constant misery. The peasant mass—which constitutes the majority of the people—has carried on all of the wars and revolutions in our history, but the conditions of its existence have scarcely changed since the sixteenth century. Our working class has been singularly exploited. Nineteen hundred and ten, with the fall of the last of the powerful dictators, marked the beginning of an attempt to cleanse ourselves of the past; but the *caudillos* (chieftains) of the Revolution, who were demagogues and radicals while they had not yet consolidated their power, allied themselves in the

end to the exploiters of the people. And this explains why our oppressed masses have been living in eternal hope of the emancipation—a thousand times offered and never granted.

At the present time Mexico is passing through the most far-reaching stage in its recent history. The proletariat is spontaneously reorganizing—the fruit of its growing class consciousness. The president of the Republic, General Lazaro Cardenas, is finally beginning to fulfill the promises repeatedly made to the people during the last quarter-century; and a new and solid link is being forged between the governmental head and the oppressed masses. On the other hand the reactionary groups are joining together under General Calles (who is by no means resigned to lose his command even though the entire people have repudiated him). They are trying to discredit the government in order to overthrow it and replace it with a tyrannical regime which would destroy even the scant rights now enjoyed by the workers and peasants.

This is the actual situation which must be made known to the American people. This is the choice which the Mexican nation now faces: a popular government such as we have or a tyranny which would increase the traditional misery of its people.

And it is in this spirit that the Workers Confederation of Mexico, the largest single independent civic force in our entire country, greets the proletariat and the people of the United States on this May Day.

VINCENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO,
General Secretary of the National
Committee.

Confederacion de Trabajadores de
Mexico.



VINCENTE LOMBARDO TOLEDANO

The Umbrella Strikes Again

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

LAST Wednesday, 3,500 students of the City College of New York packed their Great Hall and repeated the words of the Oxford Pledge after their chairman. They voted for defense of the Soviet Union, for removal of their reactionary President Robinson, abolition of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, freedom of speech, press, assembly and the right of organization. They received with a stormy ovation the demand of almost two hundred faculty members to free Ernst Thaelmann and Carl von Ossietzky. Through the microphone installed for football rallies and dripping disquisitions on as-you-depart-through-these-ports, last Wednesday spoke the united representatives of the Student Council, the school paper, the Y.M.C.A., the Douglass Society, the Young Communist League, the Young Peoples Socialist League, the American Student Union and also Morris U. Schappes of the faculty Anti-Fascist Association.

None of the speakers, nor any of the 3,500 were astonished at this showing. City College is in the traditional vanguard of the student movement. Everyone had expected the turnout. The entire mobilization was carried through efficiently and in confident good humor. Later in the day reports kept arriving of 3,000 striking at the University of Michigan, 2,500 at Northwestern, 2,200 at Cornell, half a million in all. To those of us who just six years ago strained to achieve an attendance of fifteen at the school's Social Problems Club meetings, numbers like these were overwhelming and a great triumph. The students of City College had a right to be jubilant; had sufficient cause for believing that this time President Robinson would not dare to counter with his customary reprisals.

Within twenty-four hours of his address to the strikers, Morris U. Schappes received dismissal notice from Charles F. Horne, head of the English Department. Above the word *Sincerely*, Professor Horne included this excruciatingly arch paragraph: "... your efficiency as a teacher of English has not been sufficiently notable to justify me in asking your appointment as a permanent member of the college staff. I have been somewhat in doubt as to how to make this clear to you, being unwilling that you should connect this matter with your political beliefs. I assure you that these have not influenced me. I have been told that you are a member of the Communist Party, but I have not investigated and do not care. So long as anyone is a satisfactory teacher of English, I shall accept his social creed with complete tolerance."

Schappes has been teaching at City College for eight years. Only this week the Senior

class voted him "the most respected" and "the most popular" man on the faculty, as well as "the best speaker." As an undergraduate at the school, he won the Ward Medal for work in English, the Riggs Medal for an English Essay and the Leon Pin as the best student in English for four years. At Columbia he received his Master's Degree with honors. To date he has fifteen credits in working for the doctorate.

In 1933, he and a colleague had been entrusted by the Department to compile two essay anthologies to be published by the college. After the books had been edited, permission to reprint essays obtained, fees paid, etc., they were prevented from going to press by the intervention of President Robinson.

Schappes had been chosen to supervise the work of students taking Honors Courses in English. This spring the sincere Professor Horne has asked him to act as his adviser in judging an essay contest because the students eligible for the contest so petitioned and because, sincerely, the professor didn't know enough about the subject involved. We have the statements of Nathan L. Berall and Arthur B. Braunlich, Jr., members of the Department, to the effect that Schappes' work had been considered eminently satisfactory by Horne's predecessor, Professor Harry C. Krowl who died last year. In addition, Schappes has published and gained recognition through critical essays and reviews in *American Literature*, the publications of the Modern Language Association, *The Symposium*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *The Post*, *Dynamo*.

Sincerely, these accomplishments have not been "sufficiently notable" for Horne, the Robinson stooge. Regretfully, much against his will, he has been forced to consider the debit side of the record. In 1932, Morris Schappes had helped to organize the Instructional Staff Association, now comprising a great majority of those eligible to join and that was rather unnecessary. As chairman of the Association's Grievance Committee, he had been much too ready in defending Eisenberger, the teacher of chemistry whose academic rights were violated by Dean Skene and in aiding Saul Bernstein who was being dismissed for purposes of economy. Bernstein had attended the Physiological Congress in the Soviet Union and returned to his colleagues with enthusiastic reports.

Schappes had been prominently instrumental in forming the Anti-Fascist Association of the Staffs of the City College and now they list almost two hundred members. He spoke as their elected representative at two of the great peace strikes. Repeatedly he incurred the Umbrella Man's expressed displeasure. Twice the conscientious Pro-

fessor Horne dropped in on Schappes' classes for three-minute observation periods, so-called, but with the best of intentions he failed to be impressed by anything "sufficiently notable." Only his indignation at the fact that a man could remain so incompetent after eight years in the Department could induce him to disregard the Feld-McGrath Act which provides that anyone teaching at City College for more than three years has permanent tenure and may not be dismissed without charges. That and President Robinson's assurance that the law was unconstitutional. Exactly how far the president's inspired defense of the Constitution will prevail is a matter now being taken up by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Robinson has expelled students and got away with it. Four years ago he expelled Oakley Johnson, another anti-fascist English teacher and got away with it. This year he's bucking a different set-up. The Instructional Staff Association and the Teachers Union swung into action immediately. The Honor Students under Schappes sent open letters of indignant protest to various publications. Horne's own class voted unanimously to condemn the dismissal and brand it as political discrimination. At a moment's notice four hundred students came together to register a similar vote. The Campus appeared with its largest headline in years and a front page editorial: "Schappes Must Stay!"

Lawrence Knobel, editor of *The Campus* had been about to sit down to take his high-school English teacher's license examination when news of the firing reached him. To get out his paper he came away without taking the exam. The next day he stood on a platform and told his fellow students that if the authorities could do this to a teacher like Schappes, he certainly would never stand a chance.

Six years ago Robinson had the power to confiscate the first issue of *Frontiers*, the Social Problems Club magazine. He could afford to put thirty students individually on the carpet, drag their parents to school and threaten mass expulsions. But he can't confiscate *The Campus* or the opinions of six thousand students and he can't call the American Student Union into the dread sanctum on the first floor. The alcoves were jammed with students on the morning of Schappes' dismissal. Many of them cut the entire day in rage. The thousands who struck on April 22 are ready to strike again and they won't be alone this time either. The students and instructors who had the courage and the consciousness to demand freedom for Ernst Thaelmann will surely fight for academic freedom in their own school.

FIFTY years ago, the organized workers of the United States chose May First for a general one-day strike of labor. The strike call emanated from the Federation of Trades and Labor Unions, which later became the American Federation of Labor. The object of the strike was the eight-hour working day.

That action in 1886 marked a turning point in American labor history. The strength and weakness of the organized labor movement everywhere have always revealed themselves in the struggle for shortening the working day; the number of hours which the worker puts in at his bench is the very basis of his exploitation by the capitalist.

In the early part of the last century, American workers were compelled to labor as much as twelve and a half hours a day. To advocate even a ten-hour day was considered revolutionary. Those who did so faced prosecution as "conspirators against society, law, order and the church."

But the acute economic crisis of the eighties made it clear to the more conscious workers that even the ten-hour day was too long. Demonstrations of the unemployed became common and these carried banners saying:

Political knaves and speculators have robbed us of our bread. They offer us soup. Behold your work! This you have done in the name of God Liberty!

Trade unions of this country put forward the demand for an eight-hour day and then turned to the idea of a working-class party, which could effectually carry it out. On August 20, 1886, the National Labor Union, meeting in Baltimore, adopted a resolution which read:

The time has come when the workingmen of the United States should cut themselves aloof from party ties and predilections, and organize themselves into a National Labor Party, the object of which shall be to secure the enactment of a law making eight hours a legal day's work, by the national Congress and the several State Legislatures, and the election of men pledged to sustain and represent the interests of the industrial classes.

The American labor movement was immature in that period; its political resolution remained the pious expression of a wish. But that wish is historically important; it is significant that the very first convention of American trade unions should have connected the demand for a shorter working-day with the demand for an independent party of labor.

It is equally significant that May Day, originated by American labor, was quickly adopted by organized workers throughout the world. In July, 1889, the first Congress of the Second International voted May First as the international holiday of the workers.

The Hearsts and the Liberty Leaguers may shriek to their heart's content about the "importation" of radical ideas from abroad. The fact remains that labor's international holiday was "exported" from the United

States to other countries. It is the gift of the American working-class to the world. But are not all important ideas today international? If the American worker has learned much from the European labor movement, it has been he who, in turn, has given to organized labor throughout the world that day of protest and hope on which the most progressive forces in every country proclaim their immediate demands and their profound desire for a new and better social order.

For the past fifty years, workers everywhere have marched with growing consciousness and enthusiasm through the cities of the earth on May Day, thundering their indignation against the tyranny of the governing classes everywhere, announcing their iron determination to free mankind of the intoler-

able burdens imposed by the prevailing society.

This year, too, millions march across the cities and villages of the earth, in America and in Japan, in Mexico and in Australia, in France and in China, in the Soviet Union and in South Africa, in Britain and in the Argentine. Even in those lands which are bitterly ground down by fascism, in Germany, Italy and Austria, May Day is celebrated in a hundred different ways despite the Mauser and the concentration camp. For never before has the spirit of international solidarity so pervaded the working-class as

Fifty N

JOSEP

Words by
MADGE KAY

MAY FIRST

Music by
MARK SEVERN

In marching rhythm

Voice

Piano

Leave your
Stop the

tools, Leave your desk, Leave your farm! This is May First, The day we must
wheel And the steel, Drop the plow! Take your place In our ranks on this

show That we stand side by side, Strong as steel - strong In re -
day, Sing - ing proud - ly Our voice - es as one - sing! As we

sist - ing the fa - scist ad - vance. From the shop, From the fields, From the
march on this first day of May. Keep in step, Ban - ners high, Voice - es

8

May Days

REEMAN

today; never before has the need for unity been so urgent or so universally acknowledged.

Each May Day has marked a new stage in the development of the working-class struggle. From year to year it has been an index of advance or recession which was later followed by advance. This year, May Day is distinguished from its recent predecessors by certain factors of the utmost significance. Millions who have never before realized it have now grasped the importance of the Soviet Union as the vanguard of the

world-wide socialist society. Twenty years ago people doubted whether socialism could "work." Today the Soviet is a living and inspiring proof of the fact that socialism not only "works," but that it is the only social form which in modern times *can* "work." The millions marching across the streets of the world this May Day feel stronger, bolder, more confident of the future because their fellow workers in the Soviet Union have established the foundations of the first socialist society. They denounce the tyranny which oppresses them all the more consciously and hopefully because they know that the Soviet Union has no unemployment; no exploiters like the Morgans, Rockefellers, Rothschilds, and Krupps; no company spies and stool-pigeons; no blackshirts, brownshirts or

Sentinels of the Republic; no lynchings or floggings of Negroes and labor organizers; no race conflicts inspired by imperialism. May Day demonstrates the world over march inspired by the example of that land where the working people control the means of production, the government, the educational system; where classes and class privileges are being abolished; whose watchwords are peace, culture and creative construction.

Another feature which marks this May Day is the fact that the working-class, tragically divided since the world war by various historic circumstances, is moving in the direction of unity. In France and in Spain, vast demonstrations of Socialists, Communists and other workers march united in the common struggle against fascism and war. In Mexico, too, the People's Front raises its mighty voice; and in the United States the growing spirit of unity is evident in the demonstrations marching across the cities and towns of the land, north, east, south and west, from New York to San Francisco, from Chicago to Birmingham.

Socialists and Communists, workers organized in trade unions and those who have not yet joined unions, Negro workers and white workers, the employed and the unemployed swing singing across the streets of America in a united front against the increasing misery and hunger, against the growing reaction. Solid and united, the ranks of labor express their determination to prevent fascism and war, to organize the unorganized workers, to defend the Soviet Union against the predatory attacks of imperialism and fascism, to halt Negro discrimination in this country. And, echoing the first American trade union convention of 1886, the united ranks of labor mark the fiftieth anniversary of May Day by raising once more the demand for an independent party of those who do the work of our country. But this time history is ripe for such a party. The movement for a Farmer-Labor Party is today more than a wish; it is a practical program, with every possibility of realization.

And behind this practical program stand not only workers and farmers, but also other useful groups in the prevailing social order. These have been awakened to the dangers which confront us from the growing reaction. Members of middle-class groups have grasped the sinister implications of the Liberty League, the Sentinels of the Republic, the Crusaders, the Minute Men of Today. The twin dangers of fascism and war have united all who suffer from the oppression of capitalism.

This May Day sees marching side by side with organized labor those organized professionals and white-collar workers who have realized that their interests are inseparable from those of labor. Painters march beside clothing workers, writers beside coal miners, economists beside seamen, engineers beside textile operatives, doctors beside furriers,

school, clear! Like a tor-rent U-nit-ed we come. Down with
Hail the crowd surg-ing in-to the square! Rain or
war-Fight for bread! Strike for peace-strike! We are might-y, ad-vanc-ing as
shine, We keep on Towards the day when Our-cause shall have won ev-ry
one. where. Shake the earth! Shake the
earth! It is time for our free-dom's re-birth.

bookkeepers beside steel workers, newspapermen beside carpenters, teachers beside electricians.

The collapse of capitalist economy has taught the professionals and white-collar workers that Big Business is their oppressor as well as the oppressor of the proletariat and the farmers. It has taught them to organize as labor organizes, to strike as labor strikes, to demand a Farmer-Labor Party as labor does. It has taught them that Big Business destroys the civil rights of all the useful and exploited groups in capitalist society; that fascism strangles culture everywhere; that war in the interests of Wall Street takes the lives of Wall Street's victims whether these be factory workers or professionals.

And with the workers, farmers and professionals march hundreds and thousands of young men and women, young workers and students, America's new and wonderful youth, alert to the tasks of the times, awake to their responsibilities and opportunities in

the world-wide struggle for a better society. Significantly, youth's prelude to May Day has been a magnificent anti-war strike of students throughout the country, a vibrant announcement that the most advanced of America's young men and women are ready to take their places in the imperative combat against fascism and war.

This May Day, the greatest America has ever had, is marked by unprecedented unity and solidarity, by the widest realization of the problems which confront us today. Workers and farmers, linking hands with sections of the middle-class functional groups and with the conscious and organized youth, present a mighty people's front against fascism and war, for better living conditions and standards; for peace and the preservation of culture; for the maintenance of democratic rights.

This united front stretches across the face of the earth, a powerful notice to tyrants everywhere that their oppression does not go unchallenged.

Science and the Scientist

MARK GRAUBARD

WITH the coming of the depression and its economic breakdown, scientists experienced a shock which bewildered them at first, but gradually taught them a most useful lesson. They realized that the capitalism of today was not the same as the capitalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—which was marked by economic and imperialistic growth, by the expansion of markets and production, colonial conquests, competition and free trade. Our present period of capitalism is that of chaos and overproduction, of disruption and breakdown: of general economic and political crisis. The scientist feels the influence of the crisis in three ways.

1. Economically as a worker in a given field he is confronted with lower wages and unemployment in the same way as any worker in any other industry. While industrial expansion brought with it endowments of scientific research and the establishment of research laboratories connected with private companies where often the most brilliant scientists were employed and even given a great deal of freedom in return for an occasional invention, the present depression is swiftly undoing all that.

Literally thousands of research workers are unemployed and some sciences—such as genetics—are seriously threatened with annihilation. Many geneticists were employed in government stations for the improvement of breeds of cattle, of cotton, wool, fruits, and such matters as resistance to disease, swifter growth, better reproduction. Obviously much of this has been discontinued and money is now being spent to achieve

the very opposite results. The same fate befell plant and animal pathologists and ecologists since the boll weevil and drought are now looked upon as angels saving humanity the labors of ploughing under, or of wholesale killing of cattle. Endowments are rapidly shrinking in all fields. The support of research by private companies has reached the lowest possible level. Students are openly discouraged from study or at least from expecting a livelihood from scientific work.

Capitalism, of course, cannot exist without technical aid. A minimum staff of technicians and scientific assistance will always be needed to keep going whatever machinery is in use. But no longer is the pretense maintained of aid and encouragement to science as such. Theoretical sciences in fact have always had a hard struggle because endowments come from industries that expect returns in the form of immediately useful information rather than abstract, even if ultimately valuable, theoretical achievements.

2. The scientist is necessarily more connected with the content of his work than an industrial worker under present conditions. While the latter is converted into an attendant of a machine, the least valuable appendage to it, the scientific worker is still a part of scientific progress since that must be carried on through the mediation of his brain.

With the coming of the capitalist crisis the scientist sees his fields and the theoretical and practical labors of his great co-workers perverted by the need for political defenses. The more a science is connected with social problems and the more it can be used for

political confusion, advantageous for one reason or another to the group in power, the more perverted, enslaved or suppressed it becomes.

What chance has an honest anthropologist, geneticist or economist in Nazi Germany or south of the Mason and Dixon line? Because certain racial theories are useful to southern landlords to retain power and to doubly exploit Negro labor, geneticists and anthropologists cannot study the evolution of human groups, the distribution of various mental or physical characteristics among them, and the social, biological or cultural meaning of some inherited traits such as skin color, hair texture, shape of nose, etc. The clear scientific results of such studies performed under difficult conditions of illegality are suppressed and punished with ousters, threatened lynchings and concentration camps. In fact both in Germany and in our South the above-mentioned sciences are actually illegal. Publicly, at least, everybody is forced to swear adherence to superstition, to ignorance and to outright charlatanism.

3. Another product of our present social order, but greatly intensified by the crisis, is the philosophic corruption of science. A philosophy, like a theory, is a tool which is reached through experimentation and tests and which in turn can be used to further extension of practice. Because of the blindness of thought prevailing in our present society where the immediate returns in the form of profit are the chief guide and inspiration, no scientific philosophy has actually been advanced by bourgeois thinkers. Moreover, science has lately been utilized for the purpose of strengthening religious and moral philosophies, much more so even in the past.

In the early days of capitalist development, the momentum of youth and economic expansion created a materialist, even if somewhat crude, philosophy of science, severed from religious and idealist superstitions. It was a progressive, stimulating philosophy mirroring the course of historic events. In the present decline and disintegration of capitalist society a creative capitalist philosophy is out of the question. Science today is a dull colossus inflicted with harsh distortions of religion and mysticism, which capitalism more than ever before is resorting to as an aid in its campaign of defense through falsification and confusion.

The present status of capitalist society does not permit the acceptance of a realistic materialist philosophy for that would be to expose the weakness of the present system and its corresponding ideology. Consequently such a philosophy is looked at askance and bluntly rejected. Scientists are fully aware of those shortcomings. Affected as they are by the conditions discussed here in their daily work and economic welfare they are prepared for progressive social and economic action and for philosophical revaluation of their position and their scientific labors.

Stairway That Leads Nowhere

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Moscow.

"THIS stone cylinder," growled Stashev as he pointed to a queer house with long rows of hexagonal apertures on Krivoarbat Lane, "looks like a prison, a silo tower, a storage house, like anything you please, except a place that people would voluntarily choose for their abode. . . . Dreadful. . . . The architect should be. . . ." Stashev looked distractedly about him; he could not think of a punishment severe enough to match the architect's crime.

Stashev is a young Communist. Gentle to a fault, he is known among his architect colleagues as Savonarola—all on account of his gloomy imagination and penchant for wild hyperbole in describing even the most humdrum objects and events.

After we agreed on a fiendish punishment—to prolong the architect's life and compel him to stay in his "creation" to the end of his days—Stashev went off into a lengthy disquisition on the important role of architecture in a planned socialist society and on the Soviet architect's glorious opportunities to build and create.

Indeed the Soviet Union is at present experiencing a tremendous building boom. While the boom actually started with the First Five-Year Plan, the Stakhanov movement has given it an additional powerful impetus.

New cities are multiplying at an incredible rate. Old cities are being vastly enlarged and reconstructed. Within the next ten years, Moscow alone expects its territory more than to double—from 28,000 hectares at present to 60,000 ten years hence. During the same time Moscow will put up 2,500 new large apartment houses, a palace of Soviets ("the biggest structure in the world!"), a large group of buildings designed to accommodate the Academy of Science; another group for the All-Union Institute of Medicine; several hundred new schools; hundreds of various other communal buildings; new bridges; the subway—greatly extended, with dozens of new stations, each individually designed to fit the architecture of the surrounding houses.

The same is true of other big cities, each of which has its own ten-year plan of reconstruction. All over the land, schools, theaters, moving-picture houses, workers' clubs and stadiums are springing up. Now that the collective farms are on a solid footing, they, too, have begun to demand architectural advice in the reconstruction of the villages, from schools and libraries to stables and pigpens.

Naturally, when there is so much construction going on, the work of the architect

is of universal concern. The architect is in the limelight. Much is given to him, but much also is demanded. In the words of The Komsomolskaia Pravda—official organ of the Young Communist League—"When the Soviet masses are commencing to seek the embodiment of the new life, joy, happiness, beauty in everything that surrounds them, questions of architecture assume particular significance."

Obviously, the problems Soviet architecture is called upon to solve are enormously complex. A new society, a socialist organization, dictates new forms of architecture and new methods of planning. From this viewpoint, the discussion of the reconstruction of Moscow in The Pravda of July 19, 1935, was not uncharacteristic, conveying what the Soviet masses have been expecting of their architects. The Pravda editorial demanded no more and no less than

a single, scientifically worked-out plan for the reconstruction of the great capital of the Soviet Union, [and] that the reconstruction be embodied in such beautiful architectural forms as would fully reflect all the magnificence and beauty of the socialist epoch, all the joy of our struggles and our victories.

Not an easy task this, considering the hold of tradition and the relative inelasticity of architectural forms.

In architecture the possibilities of experimentation are sharply limited by numerous social, structural, financial and various other practical considerations, much more so than in any other art. It is universally admitted that the new socialist society needs new artistic forms. But whereas an unsuccessful experiment in music or poetry is, because of the very nature of these arts, not likely to have really serious social consequences, an unsuccessful experiment in architecture can be catastrophic, or at least perpetually and conspicuously annoying. More than in any other art, originality, experimentation, formal innovation in architecture must be tempered by life's immediate requirements and practical possibilities. The balance here is so delicate that the slightest disturbance may entail disaster.

The architect, much more so than the artist in any other field, cannot let his fancy play too freely. The check on him is practical, direct, swift and often final.

This does not mean that the Soviet architects have not experimented. They have. Too much. But the results have not always been quite happy.

When our conversation reached this point, Stashev flared up again. Recalling the "monstrous prison" on Krivoarbat Lane, he now launched into a tirade against the "architec-

tural atrocities" of the formalists and the "bleak, ugly, monotonous boxes" of the constructivists; on the way he also took a jab at the "cretinous hybrids" of the eclectics.

"They are all the same," cried Stashev, "they neither feel nor understand our socialist reality. . . . It's maddening. . . . Just think. For years the constructivists kept palming off on us their so-called 'creative asceticism' as the style of socialism. Nakedness, bareness. Everything contradicting their whim of stripping structural forms they unqualifiedly rejected. The machine they elevated into an esthetic fetish. They spoke of form flowing from the functions of materials and structures, but they reduced the term 'function' to its most simplified, vulgarized sense, *excluding both ideas and men*. Decoration, even the simplest, was taboo. Creative imagination was exorcised. The past was mere trash. 'We want something that would express our epoch. . . .' Fine! But the result? Boxes! Constructivist Coffins!

"And the formalists, they are even worse. Those fellows have become so fascinated by the pursuit of new forms that they have overlooked not only the socialist content of our life but also the function of materials and structures, even in the crudest constructivist sense. *They are after form for form's sake, after form torn away from both ideological content and practical function*. 'We want new forms,' they say. Fine! Neither are we opposed to innovation. What we are opposed to is irresponsible paper planning: monuments that look like corkscrews, structures in the shape of hammers and sickles, absurdly impractical houses that mar the principal streets of our cities."

I tried to mention the many beautiful new buildings I had seen in Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, the Crimea. But Stashev was in one of his Savonarola moods and his words came like an angry torrent.

"Of course there are beautiful buildings. But not enough. The worst atrocities are now being perpetrated by the eclectics. Those are unprincipled scoundrels altogether. Take a fellow like Yefimovich—a constructivist who, when he sensed that the vogue was changing, rushed to the classicists for inspiration.

"We are not against utilizing our cultural heritage. But critically! Yefimovich, however, proceeded to build a workers' apartment house in the style of an eighteenth century palace! That's the eclectic's idea of expressing and beautifying our life. A hodge-podge of old and new architectural motifs. Ornamentation of the most ostentatious bourgeois kind. Colonnades and porticoes without rime or reason. Some of these buildings actually make you sick. Soviet

rococo—can you imagine anything more terrible than that?"

THOUGH I agreed with much of Stashev's criticism, I was a little surprised by the intensity of his emotion. I was thinking of my friends at home. I simply could not recall even one who might have been as wrought up over problems of our American architecture as Stashev was over those of the Soviet Union. When I expressed this thought to Stashev, he replied:

"Architectural triumphs and fiascos have always been taken rather poignantly in the U.S.S.R. Partly this can be explained by our terrible housing shortage. But the main reason, I think, is that we take all our art problems seriously, perhaps a little too seriously.

"Personally, I was much worse when I was younger. Several years ago, for instance, during the early hectic days of collectivization and industrialization, when people were living under an intense strain—the kulaks embittered; the proletariat overworked; the intelligentsia bewildered; trials of wreckers, the Shakhta trial, Ramzin and so on, one after another—then the ugly boxes that were springing up like mushrooms all over the land drove me into a state very near insanity.

"Those grey, gloomy, monotonous eyesores pressed upon my brain.

"It is a plot," I said to myself, 'a far-reaching, devilish plot.

"The old specialists, the architects, the engineers, the experts are banded in a secret league of vengeance and contempt.

"They know we are still helpless. They know we still have to rely on them. They think we don't understand. They are sure that we shall never learn.

"They mouth words about socialism, creative asceticism, constructivism, innovation, but actually they are doing us dirt.

"To them the proletarian revolution—socialism—is bleak, cold, drab, inhuman. To them our Soviet Republic is a prison house; the proletariat a dumb, ignorant, brutal jailer. Hence these boxes. No variety, no individuality—dead monotony.

"They are cowardly and mean," I thought to myself, 'but they are vengeful. This is their silent protest into the future. This is how they are slandering us before posterity.'

"The thing became an obsession with me. In every such building I saw the contemptuous stony sneer of the enemy.

"Wait. Wait, I would shake my fist. Our own people are coming, they are learning, before long you will be exposed.

"I even thought of writing a story in which an old architect, a wrecker, overhears two of his students express the thoughts I have just expressed to you. He is overwhelmed by the keenness of the young Communists. Suddenly he realizes that he is beaten, that the League of Vengeance and Contempt is doomed. He commits suicide."

Savonarola paused. I waited for him to calm down a bit. Then I ventured to suggest as delicately as I could that his concep-

tion was a little too nightmarish. He was grossly unjust to the older Soviet architects who certainly hadn't all been wreckers. After all, in those years, the pressure on them was terrific. Millions were crashing into the cities. Houses had to be built and built fast. There were not enough structural materials to choose from. Nails, steel, door knobs, paints—there was very little of anything. Furthermore, the absence of strongly desired machinery tended to express itself psychologically in an inordinate exaltation of the machine, in elevating it to the heights of an esthetic principle. Under the circumstances, constructivism at that time was really a kind of rationalization of the unavoidable. And yet a grain of poetic truth in Stashev's delirium could not be denied. He was still young then, impatient. Socialism to him was the most beautiful era in man's history. Those buildings were the direct antithesis of his dream. He was several years ahead of time. His truth was in the future. But from the Communist point of view he was really wrong. He had not taken into account the immediate needs. He was not practical, not dialectical and therefore a little too panicky.

Stashev did not reply. When we approached the recently reconstructed Arbat Square, the beautiful subway station, with the six red flags on top fluttering against the sky, gleamed across the way. Stashev's face lit up. He was no more Savonarola.

"You are quite right," said Stashev quietly. Then contritely: "If I were to do the story now, I wouldn't kill the old architect. I would make him go through a change similar to that of Ramzin. The young students would stir his better self, they would win him to Sovietism. My last paragraph would read: 'A few years passed. The two students, now recognized Soviet architects, aided by their old teacher, were embodying their early vision of socialism in the bright, spacious, airy, colorful, simple, yet magnificent structure of Moscow's subway.'"

A FEW days later, Stashev strutted into my room waving triumphantly The Komsomolskaia Pravda.

"I wasn't so wrong after all! Sound Communist instincts, comrade; trust them and you will always be right."

He spread out the paper on the table. "Read, then bow in reverence before my wisdom."

As I glanced at the paper my eye was immediately caught by a photograph of the very house on Krivoarbat Lane that had provoked Stashev's angry harangue. Underneath was the legend: by Architect A. Melnikov.

The picture was surrounded by an unsigned piece under the intriguing head STAIRWAY THAT LEADS NOWHERE and the subhead *Architecture Upside Down*.

The piece was written very much in the same vein as the Shostakovich article in The

Pravda a short time previously. Then it was NOISE INSTEAD OF MUSIC. The language used in describing the above-mentioned house was as devastating as that used by The Pravda in describing the opera *Lady Macbeth from the Mzensk District*.

Many centuries ago [opined the Young Communist paper] the artist Hieronymous Bosch peopled his canvases with hosts of monstrous freaks, men with birds' heads, feathered hunchbacks, winged vermin, disgusting bipeds. But the sickliest medieval imagination, the gloomiest fantasies of Bosch pale before the creations of architect Melnikov, before the monstrousness of his structures, where all human conceptions of architecture are turned upside down. . . .

"So the Shostakovich articles in The Pravda are having their repercussions in architecture," I ventured to suggest.

"To be sure," rejoined Stashev. "But there is a more basic cause. The Shostakovich articles did not come from a clear sky either. The real cause is: something is rotten in the state of Denmark. There is a general revaluation of values. The Stakhanov movement has inaugurated a veritable fever of stock-taking in all fields. Now that the architects are on the carpet, there will be many casualties. Just mark my word."

Whatever the ultimate causes, the immediate reason for the outburst in The Komsomolskaia Pravda was the "trickster architect's" blueprint of a house which was to be built on one of Moscow's handsomest thoroughfares. The house was to have no corners! Instead, there would be gaps covered with very thin decorative arches. The balustrade on the balcony was to be in the shape of petals inclining toward the street. "To fall off such a balcony would be the easiest thing in the world." On the bottom "architect Melnikov proposed two stairways that would lead nowhere."

The paper reminded Melnikov of past sins: his various ultra-modern but utterly uncomfortable workers' clubs in Moscow; his plans for a building "to rationalize sleep," as well as for a house that "to a bird in the air would look like a hammer and sickle"; and, finally, his plan of a fifty-seven story building for the Commissariat of Heavy Industry, which provided for sixteen stories below the earth's surface, to be contained in an enormous concrete bowl with open stairways.

Together with Melnikov, other formalists, professors of architecture and the editors and critics of The Architects' Gazette, came in for a sound drubbing.

And it is such topsy-turvy architecture, such plans, such projects, such representations of lifeless, absurd, formalist tricks, that are acclaimed as the "last word" in artistic innovation. Melnikov tirelessly creates new caricatures in order to overwhelm his gasping colleagues by his violation of architectural canons. Such atrocities become objects for "thoughtful" analysis of experts and for imitation of admiring students.

Now it happens that Melnikov, the "trickster" architect whom The Komsomolskaia Pravda accused of "playing the genius" and

of "artistic eccentricity," had long been among the leading architects in the Soviet Union. A man with considerable reputation, his project for the Columbus monument in Haiti aroused interest among artists in America, while his Soviet pavilion in Paris and his Intourist garage in Moscow were praised even by his most intransigent critics.

Had I not been prepared by Stashev's violent reaction to Melnikov's house on Krivoarbat Lane, as well as by the sharp tone of The Pravda articles on Shostakovich, I should have been a little more pained by the virulence of the Young Communist paper. Now I was inclined to accept the criticism, though I was still disturbed by its vituperative manner.

I knew, from experience, that the article in The Komsomolskaia Pravda was only the opening shot. That a barrage in the whole Soviet press would inevitably follow. That all kinds of meetings and conferences would take place. That many architects—constructivists, formalists, eclectics—would be rising in public and with real or pretended fervor would beat their breasts and cry *mea culpa*.

Of course, there was, in a sense, historic justice in all this. The Soviet masses have become awakened. Their tastes have developed. They are refusing to be bamboozled

by names and reputations. They want simple but beautiful and comfortable cities, houses, factories, clubs, theaters, railroad stations. They do not want buildings that look like hammers and sickles. They do not want tricks, boxes and ugly hybrids. I understood all that. And I was ready to be happy over it. But the one thing that kept gnawing in my consciousness was Stashev's cheerfully uttered prophecy.

"Now, Stashev," I turned to my visitor worriedly, "about the many casualties—that sounds pretty sinister to an outsider. Perhaps you don't know it, but the harsh treatment Shostakovich received in The Pravda created a very unfavorable impression abroad. Liberals, some of them warm friends of the Soviet Union, have taken the whole thing rather badly. Here is The Nation, for instance, liberal magazine in America. Well, according to its critic Joseph Krutch, Shostakovich has been 'cast out into outer darkness' and is now 'sitting amid the ruins of his reputation.' You see, they seem to think it was a pretty shabby way of treating an artist. And now you come along gloating over possible casualties. . . ."

Stashev, whom I had scarcely ever heard laughing before, now burst out into an amused chuckle: "That's rich! Casualties!

Gloating!" Then earnestly: "No. Don't worry. There'll be no blood, prisons, no ruin and no darkness. The fellows who deserve it will be criticized—that's all. Some a little more severely, some a little less. Those whose reputations are based on something solid, those who have genuine talent and have something to say, will recover very quickly. Those who have no talent and have nothing to offer, they, let's hope, will be persuaded to go into other work, where they might be of more use to themselves and to society.

"As to Shostakovich, will you write to your Mr. Krutch that he need not shed too many tears? I saw in a paper this morning that Shostakovich has been commissioned by the Maly Operny Theater of Leningrad to compose the music to a libretto about the revolutionary Baltic Fleet. The libretto was written by Osip Brik. The opera is expected to be ready for production some time next year. Not so bad for a fellow who has been cast out into outer darkness!

"There will be many such casualties also in architecture. And Melnikov will be among the first ones. Of one thing you may be certain: from now on he will apply his talent to better use than building stairways that lead nowhere."

Communist Street Speaker

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Again looks at his watch; and though less time has passed than his nervous foot has ticked off in his shoe, his impatience holds. He thinks: with every minute gone, go men.

"Where are the comrades? the stand, the literature, the flag? Where are they? This is the time, and time is our resource. He said a true word who said: 'The Communist's ledger is his watch.'

A half hour lost will lose the night. The listless lateness soon will quiet this corner; our voices will clot on silence. The swallowing wind will leap for our voices."

He scans the passersby.

The anxiety, the love in his straining eyes holds them a moment;

then they go. And he sees where they go—their faces in the cinemas,

melted in film, steeped to the inner brain in painted fog; in the dance halls shaken to the most narcotic nerve; stumbling in saloons, in the alcohol chains welded on their legs.

"Stop them! Stop them!" his mind cries. "Come, Comrades! This is the hour!

This is the workers' hour! The brief strength they took in with their meal;

the brief peace they have before the workday cramp returns, before their hour of sleep signs in their weary yawn."

And just as he has pulled the watch again, the metal hot on his palm, he sees them. The comrade with the stand uncramps its limbs and sets it up; the comrade with the literature

opens her stuffed briefcase; the comrade with the flag

ties it to the platform; this smiling girl has phoned the police and smiles with the memory of the precinct captain's fret.

He climbs the stand, grips the thin rail like a rein, feels for the loosened board and fits his foot across as in a stirrup;

and like one mounted and commanding men, summons the passersby,

"Fellow Workers!" And they stop; they gather, they stand before him,

sneerers and enemies, along with the tired, the trusting, the bitter,

the curious, the lost, the hopeful, the indignant. A warmth runs from him through them. The light of his mind is not glassed in

like a lecturing savant's, turned on and off by semesters.

It is an open fire; he flames with gestures; his voice gives heat. A heckler hisses; his phrase sputters out as if spat into a fireplace.

When the speaker ends, the applause is like a crackling under the glowing faces whom his fire has kindled. When they scatter,

their faces are still alight, a spark on each eyeball.

The handclasps give a pressure like a pledge.

A comrade, saying,

"Good speech, comrade; here's a proof," brings forward a recruit,

introduces him to the speaker, pulls from his pocket, proudly, the signed card, shows it. The recruit, the speaker smile, the look of comradeship between them.

Our Readers' Forum

Protest at Once! SMASH THE SEDITION BILLS!

The Tydings-McCormack bill would make it a crime to criticize militarism; the Russell-Kramer bill would prevent anyone from expressing any opinion distasteful to America's fascists. Help smash these sedition bills. Send your protests to THE NEW MASSES and we will forward them to Washington.

"Chain Gangs in Palestine"

Pity the poor writer! He publishes an article in a magazine, and immediately he is the target of letters from readers who demand that he answer all sorts of questions not connected with his article at all.

In "Chain Gangs in Palestine" I set myself the task of describing the brutality with which British imperialism punishes political prisoners in Palestine. I also described the strike against intolerable and unjust conditions by the political prisoners, which was part of the same subject, and how the leaders of the Histadruth, through their official organ, *Davar*, betrayed that strike.

Now writes "D. M." of New York City to "take issue" with me on my "treatment of the Jewish question." He (or she) urges support of the Jewish aspirations for a national homeland, and says that even Lenin and Stalin favored such a project, as witness Biro-Bidjan! D. M. urges united action between radical and Zionist in the struggle against Fascism and anti-Semitism and imperialism, "both here and in Palestine." Now, my article did not urge a divided front, did not attack "Jewish aspirations for a national homeland"; and did not even offer any kind of "contributions to the solution of the main problems" of Jews, "constructive" or destructive. That was not its purpose, and I feel no obligation to answer D. M.'s letter on that score, any more than if D. M. had scolded me for not properly appreciating the poetry of Bialik.

Next comes A. Kirson of Roselle, N. J., who says I deserve "the gratitude of millions of radicals and liberals for exposing the intolerable conditions of the chain gangs in Palestine," but who then attacks me for not mentioning prison conditions in the Soviet Union, where, he assures me, they are even "worse" than those in Palestine. My dear Mr. Kirson, I have never been in the Soviet Union, so how can I write about prison conditions there? I have READ a great deal to the effect that the sanest and most humane prison system in the world exists in the Soviet Union; that the object there is not punishment but the reclamation of the criminal by society; and I know that former depraved criminal elements gladly built the great White Sea canal. But all of that I have only read; the Palestine conditions I have seen.

Manfried Manskopf calls my article "unreliable" and "doubts whether any of the incidents have ever occurred." He produces no disproof of them, however.

S. Shilitz of West New York, N. J., wants to know how he can obtain the issue of *Davar* which openly appealed to the public not to support the political prisoners' strike. The issue was that of

August 6, 1935, and can probably be obtained by writing direct to *Davar* for it, at Jerusalem.

I would enjoy, of course, to enter into controversy with some of the writers of these letters, but certainly there is no necessity to use up space in which to correct D. M. concerning the fundamental difference between the object of the Soviet government in establishing Biro-Bidjan as an autonomous Jewish socialist province, and the object of the Zionist organization in attempting to build a Jewish homeland in Palestine on a capitalist (read exploiting) basis.

In attacking the Histadruth leadership for selling out the prisoners' strike, I no more attacked the workers who belong to it than THE NEW MASSES' attacks against certain reactionary leaders of the A.F. of L. constituted attacks against trade unionists. Palestinian workers, both Jewish and Arab, have done a magnificent job in draining malarial swamps, setting up electrification, building roads, providing a refuge for victims of European fascism, etc. But when British imperialism, playing the old game of divide and rule, is actually aided by Histadruth leaders and their organ, they must be exposed, and if we are misunderstood in doing so, we will patiently explain, again and again.

Last July 22, in the midst of the strike, *Davar* wrote that the Palestine administration "attempted to put the prisoners in prison dress by means of violence. . . . When they refused, they were mercilessly beaten and thrown in solitary confinement. The politicals called a hunger strike in reply."

This clearly shows that *Davar* knew perfectly well what the real issue of the strike was. Why, then, in its later petition to the Government, did it becloud this issue by limiting its appeal to books for the strikers? The Government readily enough saw to it that the prisoners received books—and then it continued to violate their fundamental rights by treating the politicals worse than the most brutal murderers! On August 2, *Davar* declared that "the most painful deprivation is the denial of books and newspapers" and that "since the Government has declared that the prisoners have never been denied them" there is no further excuse for the strike, and therefore no need for workers' support of the strike.

In the same number, touching upon the real issue of the strike, *Davar* declared that it is not interested in the question of whether political prisoners must wear prison clothing and do prison labor or not! And four days later, on August 6, in an article entitled "After the Hunger Strike of the Communist Prisoners," it appealed to the public not to support the strikers and to the Government not to grant their demands. When all of these maneuvers failed to deceive militant workers in Palestine, *Davar* went further and actually called the political prisoners such names as "pogrom makers" and "inciters", and therefore not deserving of "special treatment."

For the benefit of Mr. Manskopf, who, in his letter, attacks the Palestine Communists because "time and time again they provoke the Arabs to

attack the Jews, who have given thousands of them employment," I would like to quote a few lines from the mouth of Ben Gurion, head of the Histadruth and one of the really big shots in the Jewish Agency. Here are his words to the Palestine Jewish Congress as reported in *Haaretz*, No. 3839: "Just as it is unthinkable for a Jew to open a house of prostitution in one of the Jewish villages, so unthinkable must it become for a Jew to employ Arabs. And with full responsibility I say to you, to open a house of prostitution is less of a shame than to give work to Arabs." (my italics.)

ELLIS SAX.

Virginia Peoples Bookshop

Our Peoples Book Shop which will open in Richmond, Virginia, May 1, carrying a full line of labor, liberal and revolutionary books, pamphlets, newspapers and magazines, will be the first of its kind attempted in the South.

Many people here are unable to buy the books which they would like to read; they will be able to read them if we have a rental library.

We ask your readers to help in organizing the South by contributing appropriate books—the type of books now being sold in Workers Book Shops throughout the country—proletarian novels, books on political, economic, and social changes, theoretical works, etc., etc.

PEOPLES BOOK SHOP, 205 North 2nd Street, Richmond Virginia. Thank you.

ALICE BURKE,

For Richmond Sponsoring Committee.

No Tour to Naziland

Your editorial in THE NEW MASSES of April 14 did an excellent job of exposing the reactionary attitude of certain officials of the National Education Association. Unfortunately, however, a number of NEW MASSES readers have received the incorrect impression that Edutavel is offering an educational tour to Germany in connection with the Olympics. I wish to clarify the issue for the benefit of those readers who have written or spoken to me about the matter.

We are not offering such a tour. We merely asked The Journal of the National Education Association whether they would publish an ad for such a tour. Surprisingly enough the management of The Journal of the National Education Association replied that they would publish our advertisement for a German tour if we were offering one.

But we are not offering such a tour and have never intended to do so. I. SOLLINS, Director.

Owen Dodson's Poem

I have just read a poem in the April 14 issue of THE NEW MASSES by Owen Dodson. I enjoyed reading it very much. I shall buy the magazine in order to reread the poem and really get the full pleasure from it.

ANN SUTTON.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

"Race"—A Tragedy of Errors

ASK the next ten persons you meet who are really hot and bothered about "race" to give you their honest reasons for an anxiety which responsible men of science have long ceased to feel. The answers—if you are a moderately civilized and well-informed person—will remind you of nothing so much as those sardonic "Colleges of Unreason" in which Samuel Butler's Erewhonians learned to think backwards about everything in order to keep their topsy-turvy society from improving too fast. They will range all the way from the requirements of bread-and-butter, through problems of vote-getting, credit-making and debt-paying, to such recondite matters as the proper ways to educate children, carry on conversations, build "character," judge "intelligence" and worship God.

Having listened with a straight face to each, follow up with the Socratic query, "But where, then, does the 'science' of it come in?" During the awful pause created by this impertinence you will have time to slip a note giving the title and authors of the present book¹ into a trembling hand—and to retreat in good order.

In fact, no better general corrective for the racial delusions of yesterday, today and tomorrow can be found than the excellent material assembled in this volume by three of England's best-known scientists. At the very start you are made to realize that the "vast, pseudo-science of 'racial biology,'" originating in the complex obscurities of primitive group-sentiment and strengthened through the ages by economic vicissitudes and political repression in the name of "nationality"—you learn that this "science" has been cultivated for no other reasons than to justify material ambitions, provide emotional incentives for their satisfaction; to encourage exploitation of defenseless (not "weaker") peoples by setting up a mythology of "racial" destiny—above all, to feed those social grudges and class prejudices which are inseparable from societies which owe both their triumph and their eventual decline to coercion, violence and war.

Messrs. Huxley and Haddon, after analyzing the historic and economic factors leading up to "the idea of nationality" (which they describe in a manner curiously similar to that of Joseph Stalin in his essays on the *National Question*, written nearly fifteen years ago), trace the development of the so-called "science of man." After the pedant Aris-

totle, who first used the word "anthropologist," and the realistic Greek, Herodotus, came the bitter moralist, Tacitus. From him, it appears, by way of his eulogy of the Germans, we received our first dose of the "Nordic" virus and through his naive description of their tribal customs was transmitted the present fascist "leadership principle."

The "Aryan" myth is exceptionally well handled by our authors. Introduced into European literature in the latter part of the eighteenth century by the great English Orientalist, Sir William Jones, the word "Arya" was first an entirely correct translation of the Sanskrit word defining a certain group of Indian languages. In 1853 the brilliant Max Muller took a further and erroneous step by giving to "Aryan" a *universal* linguistic significance and by correlating it with a geographical region in Central Asia.

A few years later he actually spoke of an "Aryan" race: one of the most astounding assumptions in the records of science, which he was vehemently to repudiate. Herr Alfred Rosenberg, Guenther, Prof. Philip Lenard and other fanatic defenders of the present "racial science" inherited through Muller, Comte de Gobineau, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Madison Grant, et alia, have conveniently forgotten Mueller's honorable recantation:

To me an ethnologist who speaks of Aryan race, Aryan blood, Aryan eyes and hair, is as great a sinner as a linguist who speaks of a dolichocephalic dictionary or a brachycephalic grammar.

Let the reader decide for himself whether science or political chauvinism has most to do with the recent official Nazi characterization of the "friendly" Japanese (meaning, of

course, the imperialist cliques) as true "Aryans."

In their chapter on Heredity the authors utilize the powerful weapons provided by genetics to show (1) that the physical characteristics of an individual are largely predetermined by an absolutely random arrangement of the male and female "genes" contributed by the parents ("random" does not mean "lawless," but simply, in the present stage of our knowledge, beyond organized human control); and (2) that every "type" of man we know is the product of so many millions of cross-breeds that the very word "pure," as applied to races and peoples, is little else but pure nonsense. Readers who are proud of their ability to recognize human types will find it a sobering experience to identify even one of the sixteen major national groups whose photographs jeer at omniscience from the frontispiece.

Consider also this fact: of eleven European countries on which the authors supply data regarding illegitimate births, two carry off the doubtful honors ("doubtful," of course, in no biological, or even moral sense, but solely for the racial fanatics): the first, Austria, with 27 percent of total births; the second, Germany, with 12 percent. Together, these countries are the strongholds of the noble and immaculate Nordic: draw your own conclusions!

We Europeans, both for its rich store of facts on the status of the "race question" today and for its vigorous defense of reason and humanity against hysteria and barbarism in dealing with this question is one of the most important and timely books of the day. To read it intelligently is an essential scientific preliminary to freeing oneself from the subtle bondage of race-chauvinism. Complete freedom can come only with the final establishment of a classless society.

HAROLD WARD.

The Brown Spider

THE BROWN NETWORK, translated from the German. Knight Publishing Co. \$3.

IN AN introduction William Francis Hare, Earl of Listowel, describes *The Brown Network* as an exposé of the propagandizing, undermining and weakening efforts of the Third Reich against its future war enemies abroad. Certainly *The Brown Network* does patiently trace, document and interpret in no unmistakable terms the underlying purpose of apparently harmless German organizations in foreign countries, including the United States. It further elaborates the political intention back of the gesture; ac-

tivities ostensibly for peace masking the most relentless preparations for war. But by implication *The Brown Network* does much more. It is possible, of course, to discuss this book in its more sensational aspects. Its emphasis on spies and kidnappings, necessary to the task it has undertaken, may seem to an American reader to remove it to an unreal plane. Some Americans have recently traveled in Germany without molestation. To the eye the country appears well groomed and people are not obviously starving or unclothed. If dictaphones are imbedded somewhere in hotel rooms, the traveler may very well not be aware of them. He may even have spoken slightly of Der Fuehrer without arrest.

¹ *We Europeans: A Survey of "Racial" Problems*, by Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon, with a contribution by A. M. Carr-Saunders. Harper and Bros. \$2.50.

But if he were able by experience with an earlier Germany or by observation that went beneath the surface to understand that aspect of German life so dreadful to observe, that cautious, wary, dead quality that numbs masses of Germans in their daily living, then he may also see very clearly the connection between that mass life and *The Brown Network*. The headwaters of the disaster are here; here the dam broke and the polluted water seeped into houses that thought themselves on dry land.

The Brown Network is not only an exposé of certain definite methods by which the Nazis hope to implant themselves firmly on an unsuspecting world, it is an indispensable handbook of their "culture" and the kind of life such a "culture" breeds.

"Through skillful and persistent application of propaganda an entire people can be shown heaven as hell and equally, the most miserable life can be made to seem paradise," wrote Hitler in *Mein Kampf* and at the base of his immediate successes is the expert manipulation of the propaganda machinery of the Third Reich. Through this machinery confusion has been multiplied; the Jews have taken on the form of demons; the Soviet Union is threatening holocaust to a world that Hitler would picture as serene and German and hopeful of peaceful days. Fortunately for the world, Hitler and the Nazis overreach themselves. His spies in foreign countries are caught. His radio speeches for peace are contradicted by a march into the Rhineland. And if he breaks treaties lightly so do his spies employ methods peculiarly Nazi. The thug and the tactic of the criminal are shown in *The Brown Network* to be commonplace. The kind of regime that not only tolerates but exploits and perfects such tactics can only produce a brutalized life for its people. Ballots are mere forms to be thrown into whatever piles Nazi officials please; human life the rubbish to be cleared from the path of Nazi triumph. It is no surprise to find maps on which Germans are daily fed showing the greater Germany as taking in huge portions of countries now peacefully unaware of the German objective. German-speaking Switzerland, Alsace Lorraine, Hungary, Poland, the Ukraine—the German hand would grip them all. Nazi plans spot the entire world like hidden forts of warfare. From these spots propaganda can yet play a role. The Frenchman in Brittany can be made dissatisfied with France; citizens in Flanders and Holland can be stirred to feel abused; the Jews are as good a pretext as any to breed unrest in countries that might be thus weakened in their united strength against a future Germany on the war path.

The Nazi creed that the Germans are the true inheritors of "Aryan" culture and that only Aryan culture is worthy of survival, makes the Nazi state a threat that cannot be confined by geographical boundaries. The fleeing figures of Lessing and Rudolf Formis, both finally murdered, of Berthold Jacobs

kidnaped and flung into a concentration camp, have world significance. One must remember that the December election preceding the Reichstag fire and Hitler's seizure of power gave the majority to the Hitler opposition. Of the millions of that opposition, many are dead, many exiled, many in prisons, but for the majority life goes on in the atmosphere of dread, apprehension and stifling of opinion that is peculiarly important for anyone, anywhere to understand. This is what happens when fascism succeeds.

The Brown Network should be read along with *The New York Times*. It should be read with the smooth speeches of Hanfstaengel and the protestations of those innocents who swear that German sports are one thing and German politics another, that German education has no connection with politics. In these pages one may examine documentary evidence more convincing than official protestations. Letters, items from state documents, newspaper accounts, the intricate scheming of the entire Gestapo are acids that eat away the Nazi mask. Here one may trace the connection between contributions of industrialists at home and abroad and Hitler's rise to power. The

source of the brown flood may be observed as one may look down from an airplane at the beginnings of swollen streams that may sweep away a town.

Last summer when I was in Germany a German said to me, "There is no normal life in Germany today for anyone." He was not a Jacobs or a Lessing. He was a doctor, anxious to practise, who before the advent of Hitler had been interested only in "science." But his science, he found, was obliged to operate in a world the Nazis had made. The crippling effect of the Nazi *Weltanschauung* reached into the laboratory and the operating room, but more pernicious still it spread like a poison into the very lifeblood of the people. No one could be "normal" any more, so long as Nazi Germany endured. Not only emigres feel haunted. The little man in the German street is likewise numb. Nothing is more explicit than some of the brutalized letters on exhibit in photostat copies in *The Brown Network* written by Nazis to one another. It is no accident that the arch enemy to Nazis of Germany is the Soviet Union and that toward that country its most virulent propaganda is consistently and perpetually directed. JOSEPHINE HERBST.

The Greatest Since Benedict Arnold

IMPERIAL HEARST: A SOCIAL BIOGRAPHY, by Ferdinand Lundberg. Preface by Charles A. Beard. Equinox Cooperative Press. \$2.75.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST: AMERICAN, by Mrs. Fremont Older. Foreword by the late Fremont Older. Appleton-Century. \$4.

YOU ain't heard nothin' yet about Hearst!—not until you get hold of Ferdinand Lundberg's fully documented, "unauthorized" account of the most hated man in the country today. For this book destroys Hearst "by producing the cold, brute facts of the record," as Professor Beard puts it in his eloquent preface. Dedicated to the American Newspaper Guild of which he is a charter member, Lundberg's *Imperial Hearst* is as timely as your daily newspaper with its accounts of Senatorial denunciations of Hearst.

Take the Hearst law-suit to enjoin the Senate Lobby Committee from interfering with his "privacy" by seeking to make public certain of his telegrams. This, from a man who numbers among his exploits—all related here in great detail—"the theft of the Murphy-Gaynor correspondence, the rifling of the Standard Oil office files, the stealing of the Spanish Ambassador's letter in 1898, the procurement by bribery of the British-American Venezuela boundary dispute treaty and the text of the Spanish-American peace treaty . . ." not to speak of the typical Hearstian stunt of nearly frightening Mrs. Lindbergh and her son to death to secure a photo—a fact which contributed no small

part to the self-exile of the Lindberghs.

Or take the Hearst charges that Reds advocate murder and his falsely linking them with the dynamitings in Milwaukee last November. This from a man who, while attacking President McKinley, was urging readers to consider the different course history might have taken had certain well-known figures been assassinated! A hastily withdrawn editorial in *The New York Journal* of those days said, in connection with McKinley's reelection: "If bad men cannot be got rid of except by killing, then the killing must be done." And so when McKinley was shot, it was not surprising to find the other *New York* papers reporting that the assassin had "on his person a copy of *The Journal* in which McKinley was assailed and clippings about McKinley that were inflammatory." Similarly, in 1910, "After many months of violent Hearst editorializing Mayor Gaynor was shot by James J. Gallagher. . . . In his pocket was found an editorial from Hearst's *New York Evening Journal* denouncing Gaynor." And what was Hearst's incitement of the Spanish-American War but provocation to mass murder?

All these things and more may be expected from the man who is reported to have said: "I have observed that principles are the impediments of small men." For instance, the Hearst chain accuses its enemies of being traitors. But what is more traitorous than the \$400,000 a year contract Hearst negotiated with the Hitlerites in 1934? As Lundberg puts it: "It is only through Hearst that Berlin can utilize a big American news-

gathering organization for spying on behalf of foreign imperialism."

Imperial Hearst is the first exhaustive analysis of every phase of Hearst's political, financial and journalistic career. Here is a partial list of subjects covered and, remember, thoroughly documented. They are:

The San Francisco Examiner's journalistic fakes; its printing of advertisements of disorderly houses; its blackmail of the Southern Pacific Railroad . . . The New York Journal's role in fomenting the Spanish-American war and Hearst's economic motives therefor; falsification of the news from Cuba . . . his mother finances an archaeological expedition to Peru which surveys the Cerro de Pasco mines, which the Hearst Estate then acquires . . . Hearst's attacks on McKinley and Brisbane's editorials on personal violence against state heads; national boycott of Hearst . . . Tammany sends him to Congress in 1902; seventeen killed in the fireworks explosion to celebrate . . . Hearst attacks Boss Murphy and Tammany steals the election from him but a deal is made and Tammany supports him for Governor the next year . . . Hearst enters Chicago and circulation slugging begins; murder and reign of terror; union men killed, slugged and arrested; thugs attack citizens; union labor traduced . . . Labor on the Hearst mine properties in Peru and South Dakota . . . "American fascism in 1910"; exploiting Chinese labor . . . devious policies of his papers toward labor; efforts to crush unions of newsboys and reporters and now the Guild; opposition to child labor legislation . . . Hearst's Peruvian reason for fighting Woodrow Wilson on the Panama Canal; attempts to foment war with Mexico and Japan; Hearst men in pay of Germany during the World War; Brisbane gets \$500,000 from a group of German-American brewers . . . Associated Press sues and proves Hearst

stole its news . . . William B. Shearer and armaments propaganda; forged Mexican documents; Mellon and the Hearst tax rebates . . . relations with National City and Gianini banks; Hearst mining interests and the Roosevelt gold policies . . . Hearst real estate interests and politics. . .

As for Mrs. Older's sugar-coated "authorized biography," it tells only what Hearst wants told, like the recent issue of *Fortune* magazine featuring the same subject. What is significant about her book is *the necessity for its appearance at this time*. On page 566 we have the clue: "A boycott of the Hearst papers was under way" in the summer of 1935. In other words, newspaper readers have touched the Hearst nerve which hurts most—his pocketbook. That is why Hearst is presented now as a great friend of the masses, on the basis of utterances made when he ran for office years ago. That is why his every demagogic attack on corporations has been raked up while his subsequent sell-outs—as to the Chicago gas trust when he landed an advertising contract—are conveniently forgotten. Of John L. Eddy who was supposed to have uncovered the stolen Standard Oil letters which subsequently appeared in the Hearst press in garbled form (for Hearst's own purposes), Mrs. Older says he was a "stranger to Hearst." Eddy was then an employe of Hearst's New York American and therefore acting as his agent!

Mrs. Older distorts even the little things. She repeatedly speaks of his association with Harvard and earlier with St. Paul, but forgets to mention that he was kicked out of

both places! And what is gained by failing to state that Hearst's wife was a chorus girl, the daughter of a hooper? (Marion Davies is mentioned only once, not in the chapter entitled "Hearst As a Father.") "Hearst would like to see prize-fighting abolished in the United States," we are told. But Mrs. Hearst sponsors the annual Milk Fund bouts (it's good advertising) and 10 percent of the proceeds go to Journal and American charities. About the only thing I can agree on with Mrs. Older, but for different reasons, is her statement in the opening chapter "there never was such a baby"!

I could go on refuting Mrs. Older on the basis of Lundberg's book. But it's *your duty*, as well as mine, to read and spread Lundberg's *Imperial Hearst* if you number yourself among the millions intent on seeing that It Doesn't Happen Here; if you stand for what Beard describes as the "fine things of the American tradition."

HY KRAVIF.

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The Mystic Dilemma

ONE SEASON SHATTERED, by James Daly. Centaur Press. \$2.

HIS early and thorough apprenticeship to the metaphysical and the symboliste schools reflects no discredit upon James Daly's development as a poet. The influences of Donne and Hopkins; of Eliot, Pound, MacLeish, Hart Crane, do not protrude with mal-fused architectural bracketings as in the work of weak, imitative poets. Daly builds honestly upon his own foundations: his technical structure is sound, disciplined; he has an artist's feeling for both the oral and visual shape of a poem—the economics of fitting content to form—that one finds too rarely in the work of younger poets.

But that James Daly's conscience is troubled by his attitude toward the social-economic crisis shows not only in his recent poems, but in the fact that he finds it necessary to append a defensive note to his volume. He anticipates criticism by saying, with reference to his poem, "Storm Warning" (which appeared in *THE NEW MASSES*) that his mysticism defeats his Marxism, even though he is in favor of Communism (which seems to him "poetically desirable," except for the "violence and bloodshed.") Perhaps Daly errs in blaming his "vein of mysticism" for his dilemma. Unless mysticism is another name for love of personal possession, romantic acquisition. That is what binds and betrays him. All the poems in the first section of this book, including those reprinted from his first collection, *The Guilty Sun* (1926), reveal Daly as a poet who has not broken from the individual-experience tradition in writing. He is an "I" in romantic relationship with father, mother, the girl—"his Laura, his Beatrice, throned in the mind."

Likewise his view of nature is that of the esthete: nature is decorative, pretty; but too often his observation of the natural world is factually inaccurate. (Starlings, for instance, do not as a rule sleep among "sleeping birch and ash" along with chipmunks.)

Daly, in brief, suffers the common delusion of the poet against the world. This shows up in his poem about the shell-shocked soldier, in the one on Sacco and Vanzetti called "Boston," as surely as in the groups of love poems. Daly finds it hard to forget his concern with "star-entangled willow over water" and his personal regard for his beloved; to transfer emotional and intellectual allegiance to the breakdown of an old order (as necessary to the development of poetry as to the development of the state) and the building of a new one in which the individual consciousness must be subordinated to the interests of the group.

His own voice speaks and
He hears his words and the
Terror of his words
Alone in frosty starlight . . .

This is Hamlet, the poet alone on the platform, plagued by his ghost: namely, the survival of his ancestral ego. Daly writes more significantly when he tries to denounce the ghost, to work toward a new realization, as he does in "We Are Linked and Trapped":

This is a dead land that we visit
For a Wonder, plagued by grey-haired textbooks:
Stone, less terrible sphynx our choice who fly
(If we can!) sphynx of iron whose riddle is:
When will the living break the tombs they live in—
Locked tombs linked under cliffs of smothering iron?

RUTH LECHLITNER.

"Clubmen"

CHEESE IT—THE COPS! by Emanuel H. Lavine. Vanguard Press. \$2.50

OLD Dr. Parkhurst in his palmy days referred to them as "a lying, perjured, rum-soaked and libidinous lot." And they haven't changed much, according to Manny Lavine. Our fine blue-coated friends still graft right and left, protect those who can pay to be protected and shield those who shield them.

Lavine, a New York police reporter of almost uncanny news sources, gives you Fred Mill, an average cop. Fred learns the ropes easily enough, starts chiseling on his own, a buck here, a buck there and finally works himself into a detective's post. "Works" is more or less figurative—the passing of some hundreds of dollars was necessary for the elevation.

The whole rotten, pus-laden body of the

average city police force is laid before the reader by the Lavine scalpel—the systematic grafting, protection of racketeers and whore-mongers and the relationship that exists between the underworld and the underworld and the police function as well-paid intermediaries.

Some of the material, the chapter on the Drukman case, for instance, has been published before in the columns of *The Nation*. The book, as a whole, is eminently worth while to those that still have illusions about the nature of the capitalist system and its organized defenders. One wishes, however, that Lavine would name names and addresses. He may some day, we understand. And when he does, a host of police captains, inspectors, district leaders and sundry other gentlemen will leave town in an awful hurry.

SI GERSON.

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The Screen

A Voice from the Past

FOR the last twenty or thirty years there has lived and flourished, in critical circles, a weird theory to the effect that H. G. Wells was not a hack writer who devoted himself, exclusively, to turning out potboilers. If you have ever in the past found yourself involved, on that subject, in one of those arguments that have neither beginning nor end and you now view the whole matter with apathy if not aversion, snap out of it. The next time this particular theory rears its ugly head in polite conversation, you can settle the matter for once and for all by telling the libeler who insinuates that Wells' mind occasionally strays from the box office to see *Things to Come*. It's as good as Buck Rogers, any day.

As good? It's better, yes, ten times better. I know this is lavish praise, but I feel that the sterling author of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* deserves it. Besides, the record of Mr. Wells is 100 percent consistent. He has been around, he has read everything, seen everything, interviewed everyone. But he has never, in his writing, pandered to his own indubitable intelligence—all that he writes is imbued with the simple, fresh, hearty innocence of a gentleman who finds himself in temporary financial difficulties and is therefore obliged to sell, at a loss, that old family heirloom, Brooklyn Bridge. In short, Mr. Wells is always innocent—he has to be, that's his business.

This reviewer's enthusiasm for Mr. Wells and particularly for the film *Things to Come* is fanned by a happy recollection. About ten years ago a movie by the name of *Metropolis* went the rounds, a rather terrible thing out of Germany by UFA, which portrayed labor, in the city of the future, as being a separate and despised race of people living, squalid and enslaved, in subterranean vaults under the bright world of the ruling class. Of course, labor revolted, and alas, the film came to an end with a better understanding between labor and capital, handshake and all. The film itself is not the point. The point is that Wells, reviewing this film of ten years ago in The New York Times magazine section, pointed out with urbane argument that the whole idea was preposterous. How was it possible, he asked, to find purchasers for the goods made by the workers, if this great majority of the population were to be removed from the purchasing class? No, no, a thousand times no, the whole trend of industry was the other way, the huge working class, according to Wells, must and therefore would receive ever-increasing wages—the development of the proletariat as a healthy, prosperous body of consumers was necessary to capital, and therefore inevitable.

This tidbit lodged itself deeply in the mind of America's ace movie-reviewer because its

logic, at that time, seemed flawless and because it proved, in the light of sad, subsequent events which we will not go into now, to be so thoroughly empty. The argument was Wellsian to the core and *Things to Come* has an idea content right up to the same old standard.

But as to the film itself and apart from the illustrious Mr. Wells' connection with it (scandal-mongers say that because the scenario appeared in The Herald Tribune it's anti-New Deal, but that's a lie)—see the thing, without fail. Personally, I liked *Frankenstein*, *The Bride of Frankenstein*, *The Living Dead* and any other immortal Boris Karloff film, the name of which may have escaped me for the moment, depicting a hell of a lot of fantastic machinery as built and operated by the science of the future. Laboratory thunderbolts leaping from a positive steel electrode to a negative Wassermann have always found me a ready sucker and *Things to Come* had a million of them. Rocket-ships—the film has been greatly influenced, as indicated earlier by the classic Buck Rogers—outlandish airships, “peace” bombs that do not kill but induce a mere, temporary, dental-extractionists' sleep, these are but a few of the wonders that Mr. Wells and

Mr. Alexander Korda, through London Films, have to offer us. In particular I recommend to your attention the costumes of the future, half shorts and half Roman toga, that Mr. Wells, with a fine balance between past and present, prognosticates for our descendants. God help them.

I forgot to add, in recommending this super-super and thoroughly pseudo-scientific spectacle, a brief resumé of its plot. Well, it seems that war suddenly breaks out in 1940, rages for thirty years (more competent critics have pointed out that no modern war has ever lasted a fraction of that time without popular revolt putting an end to it), leaves the whole world in a state of incredible primitivism (up to this point the movie is top-notch, really), then a weird society, half Technocrat, half Robot, seizes power and restores peace to the world. These archangels do not label themselves the Society for the Promotion of H. G. Wells, but accept the more prosaic titles of “Wings Over the World,” “Freemasonry of Science,” “World Communications,” etc., etc.

The film is the nuts and we will have none better until we get *Frankenstein at Harvard*, *Frankenstein on a Mississippi Gunboat*, *With Frankenstein Across the North Pole*.

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Art

Against War and Fascism

NEW YORK newspapers considered it front-page news this week when a third of the 79 especially selected American artists refused to be used as come-ons for the glorification of war and fascist Italy in the Twentieth International Exhibition of Art in Venice this summer. The artists, enrolled as members of the American Artists Congress, include some of the most prominent in many fields, and the sponsors of the American section of the exhibition were so impressed by their protest that the entire group of paintings from this country was withdrawn. Most of them know and love the Italian country, all of them appreciate the background of Italian art and culture and realize their debt to the many creative artists who have handed down so much to our own generation. But Fascist Italy is a poisoned Italy and has a regime that teaches that war is beautiful. Marinetti, Senator and Academician, writing in *La Stampa* says:

War is beautiful because it genially remoulds the terrestrial and marine landscapes with its inspired artillery.

... because it symphonizes the perfumes and odors of putrefaction.

This is hardly a view that artists sincere in their fight against the twin horrors of War and Fascism would care to further through the use of their pictures. And the Artists' Congress, gaining wider and wider support since its first meeting in February, had already made a beginning through its resolution against participating in the art exhibition planned in connection with the Olympic Games in Hitler's Germany this summer. But boycotting exhibitions is only one phase of the work that these artists are doing.

On the positive side the Congress has to its credit in the show of cartoons, drawings and prints now current at the New School for Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, New York City, a powerful indictment against war and fascism by some of the most outstanding artists of our time and of the past. If you would know how war "remoulds terrestrial and marine landscapes with its inspired artillery" look for George Picken's "Verdun-1918" and his tangled mass of men, earth and battlefield junk, in "Revolt." Picken knows his war landscapes from first hand and these lithographs were made from notes taken during his service in the "war to end wars." Forain surveyed and recorded the wreck of his homeland in three other prints done with accurate precision on the spot. Or if you would like to check up on Signor Marinetti's olfactory reaction to "the perfumes and odors of putrefaction" look for any of the etchings of Otto Dix, a German soldier for four years in the war

for the spreading of "Kultur" to the west and today an exile from his homeland. Seven drawings from the pen of another German, George Grosz, hang near the lithographs of a member of a traditional enemy country, Honoré Daumier, who attacked the foibles of war in his widely distributed lithographs seventy years ago. Goya, too, from the Spain of the 18th Century and Breughel of the Netherlands of an earlier period send their records of the effects of wars on the bodies and brains of men.

From all countries and from past and present the Congress has gathered drawings and prints in the greatest variety of styles and technique conceivable. Every human artist feels the great hatred and disgust of war and a desire to put an end to war and to that newer menace that only those artists of our time know, Fascism.

This show, more than anything else,

startles the spectator into realizing that George Biddle, Peter Blume, Covarrubias, Mabel Dwight, Fitzpatrick, Gropper, Rockwell Kent, Adolf Dehn and others in their opposition to War and Fascism, have a tradition to follow and live up to in the works of the immortal Callot, Breughel, Daumier, Doré, Durer, James Ensor, Goya, the Mexican Posada, le douanier Rousseau, Thomas Rowlandson and Steinlen. For a modern war made a thousand times more horrible and inhuman with its modern inventions that mangle and destroy by the millions instead of thousands is emphasized by the contrast of the more polite and intimate horror of our esthetic forefathers.

To those who want art, here is ART, the best that you can see in one group anywhere today. To those who want life, here is life which by its contrast with horrible death is made more real. To those who want a lesson, here is the truth about war and fascism, for artists, for students, for professionals, for workers. Here is a show that you cannot afford to miss.

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The Radio

Radio and Its Public

THERE are millions of people in these United States who own radio receiving sets and harbor the illusion that such ownership makes them automatically members of the radio audience. There are even people so ignorant of entertainment's debt to profits that they think that the mere fact that they listen to radio makes them a part of its audience. The broadcasters have no such illusions. They make a clear distinction between the listeners and the audience. Anyone who hears a radio program may be considered a listener. The audience, however, is that part of the listening public for whom the shows are designed.

In the first place American radio is not entertainment. It is not culture. It is not art. It is not education. It is none of the things which in its more pretentious moments it pretends to be. It preens itself on its superiority over European radio in that it says it is not propaganda. In a sense it is not. American radio is advertising. All the rest is sugar coating. The entertainment, the art and the education are merely the bait in the obscene boob traps of mass distribution.

Advertising is the fundamental fact of broadcasting. There is, of course, the apparent division between the commercial and the sustaining programs. Ostensibly sustaining, that is unsponsored time, differs from the commercial time in that it presents broadcasts which are free from advertising. Actually there is very little difference. Radio stations devote their unsold time to performing a variety of services in the interests of their sold time. They put on shows that are as like the sponsored programs as possible, because sustaining programs are devoted to building up performers which they might subsequently sell to sponsors. Also sustaining programs must hold to the station during unsponsored time the attention of the audience for that time when the sponsored programs come on.

Radio, therefore, at no hour of the day or night allows itself to forget that it is broadcasting to the audience as distinct from the listeners. The audience can most simply be defined as those of the listeners who are susceptible to advertising. There is only one test of a broadcast that is considered valid. They ask the question: "Does it sell the advertised product?" A program that boosts sales is good. It is as simple as that.

All ordinary standards of criticism break down in the face of that test. Every detail of a broadcast is determined by the product that is being sold and the sales methods of the manufacturing company. A commonly accepted principle of radio production is a cheap show for a cheap product. There are for example the medicine shows. A sponsor

happens to be the manufacturer of a patent medicine. He uses printed advertising in confession magazines. When he takes to the air, his problem is to attract the attention of a public which he can hope to take in by his advertising claims.

In printed advertising the problem is simply solved by placing advertising in publications with circulations that are ignorant and not even bright. In radio there is no possibility of picking a broadcasting station which can assure an audience of any specific intellectual level. The sponsor must fetch that audience for himself by offering a program that will attract his own special intelligence level, the minds that will fall for the advertising on the show.

The Voice of Experience, for example, is a medicine show. It is a safe bet that Americans who will have faith in the Voice, as he calls himself in his moments of informality, for the solution of their intimate problems of living, will have similar faith in the recommended hair tonic for the salvation of hair. I have heard listeners wondering aloud what kind of people could possibly be interested in the Voice of Experience. The answer to that one is the kind of people who worry about thinning hair and are ready to try something in a bottle for that dread malady.

The sponsor is not only interested in putting on a show which will attract to his advertising the attention of persuadable buyers. He is also confronted with the necessity of putting on a show which in the opinion of his retail distributors is capable of attracting that attention. So much of this advertising is at least partially effective through its psychological effect on the small tradesmen who do the actual selling of the product. If a grocer or a druggist has on his shelves a product which is advertised by a radio program he enjoys, he assumes that the tastes of his customers are identical with his own and that therefore the manufacturer is playing ball with the retail distributor and providing him with helpful sales support.

An employee of the company, which sponsors the Eddie Cantor program in the interest of toothpaste, in private conversation admitted that the Cantor show is not entertaining. He explained that it served them well because the druggists like it. Chase & Sanborn coffee had a broadcasting experience richly explanatory of the influence of the

retail dealers. When the coffee people and Eddie Cantor parted company, they turned their time over to a series of tabloid versions of grand opera in English. This series had its faults but it was at least a step in the direction of intelligent production of radio entertainment. It ran through the thirteen weeks of its original contract, but was not renewed for further broadcasting. Major Bowes and his amateurs replaced the operas. Sales had been good while the operatic program was on the air and the fan mail was heavy. The grocers, however, did not like it. They told the coffee salesmen that it was their own efforts and not the sponsor's that kept the coffee selling in the face of the Showboat that Maxwell House was provid-

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Current Theater

Bury the Dead (Barrymore Theater). Irwin Shaw's unforgettable war play, first produced as a *New Theater Night* program, now running regularly on Broadway. Filled with poetry and passion, it is one of the major contributions of the Left theater.

Bitter Stream (Civic Repertory Theater). The Theater Union's current production: Victor Wolfson's dramatization of the life of small farmers in Fontamara is the first play about the Mussolini tyranny to reach America. "An honest portrayal of conditions today in Italy," says John L. Spivak, recently returned from a visit to Fascist Italy, and he adds: "Indispensable," urging "everyone to see it."

New Singers (New School Auditorium, 66 West 12th St.). The spring concert of the brilliant choral group, under the direction of Lahn Adomian, will include the concert version of Hanns Eisler's *Mother*, and choral works and transcriptions by Adomian, Davidenko, Knipper, Mossolov, North, Robinson, Schaefer, Shishov, Shostakovich and Siegmeister. May 3, 8:30 p.m. Tickets 55 cents.

Blood on the Moon (Brooklyn Little Theater, 126 St. Felix St., Brooklyn). The first production of the Brooklyn Progressive Players, a new organization which is to provide a permanent social theater for Brooklyn. Claire and Paul Sifton's *Blood on the Moon* portrays anti-Semitic persecution in Hitler Germany with feeling and frequently incisive drama. A solid contribution to the anti-fascist theater. S. B.

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Between Ourselves

MICHAEL GOLD, Robert Forsythe and Gardner Rea, the judges of the New MASSES Cartoon Prize Title Contest, informed us that they expect to complete their tasks in a few days. We hope to be able to announce in an early issue the names of the fifty-two NEW MASSES readers who will receive the first prize of \$1,000, the second prize of \$250 and the fifty prizes of \$5 each.

International Publishers advises us that the first edition of the anthology of *Proletarian Literature in the United States* has been exhausted; a second edition of 5,000 copies, already off the press, will be sold as a \$1 reprint. The anthology was prepared by a number of former and present NEW MASSES editors, including Michael Gold, Joseph North, Granville Hicks, Isidor Schneider; the introduction is by Joseph Freeman. Recently the London Times Literary Supplement devoted its front-page article to an extended review of American literature of the Left in an analysis of this anthology.

Malcolm Chisholm, whose drawings accompany Amy Schechter's story of the victory of the longshoremen on the Pacific Coast, spent seven years of his life as a sailor. He is now living in New York City.

Bruce Minton will speak on the latest developments in the case of the eight California Criminal Syndicalism defendants at the April

Quarterly Membership Meeting of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. The meeting will be held at the home of Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, 44 West 12th Street, April 30 at 8 P. M.

Stanley Burnshaw will speak on "Can the Theater Survive?" at the next meeting of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES. Time: May 6, at 9 P. M. Place: Steinway Hall, Studio 717A, 113 West 57 Street. There is no admission charge.

Lester Cohen, one of our contributors, will lead a "Life and Literature" travel-study project in the Soviet Union under the auspices of EDUTRAVEL, an institute for Educational Travel. Cohen will present several discussions in connection with Soviet literature and with special emphasis on the place of writing as a social force in Soviet life.

Vincente Lombardo Toledano, whose "Greeting from Mexico" appears in this issue, is a veteran trade-unionist. He is now General Secretary of the recently formed Mexican Confederation of Workers (C.T.M.) which comprises over 500,000 organized proletarians.



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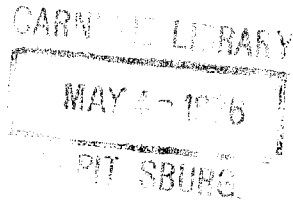
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